

# THE LIVING AGE.

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ROBERT BURNS.

ALL hearts are his—with high and low,  
The Doon in fancy seems to flow  
To music all its own :  
The village maiden to his lays  
Her simple, artless homage pays—  
The queen upon the throne !

All that the cottage-hearth endears—  
All that can move to mirth or tears,  
In his sweet song combine :  
And pictured there with simplest grace,  
Old times and manners we may trace  
In ev'ry living line.

And need we say that, in his page  
Are strains that must, from age to age,  
When clouds are in her sky,  
Speak to his country's glowing heart,  
And bid her ever act her part,  
As in the days gone by !

Nor upon earth alone he reigns,  
Nor heaven alone on his domains  
Shines with wide-spreading ray ;  
But things unearthly and of night,  
And lighted by no heav'nly light,  
His mighty spell obey !

And never can it be forgot,  
That hard as was our poet's lot,  
Left in cold want to pine,  
No poor and servile arts he knew,  
But ever to himself was true,  
And to his art divine.

No fear that Time with men like him,  
The radiance of Fame should dim—  
And for this simple cause—  
That Time has, happily, no force  
To change the onward, even course  
Of Nature and her laws.

"The daisy," therefore, still must grow—  
The hills where Lugal loves to flow,  
Still meet "the winter sun"—  
And Nature's poet still must hold,  
Amidst her streams and "mountains old,"  
The place that he has won !

—Blackwood's Magazine.

## RAINBOW AT SEA.

It flashed on our sight,  
In the sunset light,  
Like some beauteous hope or vision glorious ;  
And stood against the black  
Of the tempest rack,  
An emblem of peace over strife victorious.

Perfect and true  
Was every hue  
And close to our bark the arch was fashioned ;  
It drew every eye,  
By its majesty,  
In a gaze deep, earnest, and impassioned.

In the foaming sea,  
Just athwart our lee,

It hung in its tints of orange and golden ;  
As fair as when first  
In glory it burst,  
When God made with Noah the covenant olden.

As dear to our gaze  
Its magical rays,  
As to those who beheld its first creation ;  
For over our bark  
The tempest dark  
Had beaten for days without cessation.

The sailors in glee  
Spake hopefully  
Of a bluer sky and weather fairer ;  
And none saw the glow  
Of the gorgeous bow,  
But in the pleasure it gave was a sharer.

A while it remained,  
Then faded and waned,  
And passed like a spirit through heaven's por-  
tals,  
That had blessed awhile  
The earth with its smile,  
Ere seeking its home among the immortals.

WM. P. TOMLINSON.

Bark Clintonia, North of Madeira, December  
28th, 1859.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

We wait for Thee, all-glorious One !  
We look for Thine appearing ;  
We bear Thy name, and on the throne  
We see Thy presence cheering.  
Faith even now  
Uplifts its brow,  
And sees the Lord descending,  
And with him bliss unending.

We wait for Thee, through days forlorn,  
In patient self-denial ;  
We know that Thou our guilt hast borne  
Upon Thy cross of trial.  
And well may we  
Submit with Thee  
To bear the cross and love it,  
Until Thy hand remove it.

We wait for Thee ; already Thou  
Hast all our heart's submission ;  
And though the spirit sees Thee now,  
We long for open vision ;  
When ours shall be  
Sweet rest with Thee,  
And pure, unfading pleasure,  
And life in endless measure.

We wait for Thee with certain hope,—  
The time will soon be over ;  
With childlike longing we look up  
The glory to discover.  
Oh, bliss ! to share  
Thy triumph there,  
When home with joy and singing  
The Lord his saints is bringing !

—From the German of Hiller.

J. D. B

From The North British Review.

1. ΜΟΡΙΑΣ ΕΡΚΩΜΙΟΝ. *Stultitiæ Laus*. Desiderii Erasmi Roterodami declamatio, 1518. Erasmi Opera omnia IV., 380—503. (Lugduni Batavorum). Written in 1510.\*
2. *Colloquia Familiaria* Auctore Desidero Erasmo Roterodamo. 1524. Erasmi Opera Omnia I. 626—894. (Lug. Bat.) Written in 1522.†
3. Erasmus Roterodamus *De Utilitate Colloquiorum* ad Lectorem. 1527. Erasmi Opera Omnia I., 901—908. (Lug. Bat.)

DURING the Diet of Augsburg in 1530, a little comedy was acted in the dining-hall of Charles V., to amuse him and his guest. A man in doctor's dress first entered the hall bearing a bundle of billets of wood, crooked and straight, threw it down on the broad hearth, and, in retiring revealed the word *Reuchlin*, written on his back. The next actor was also clad in doctor's garb, and he set about making fagots of the wood; but having labored long to no purpose, in fitting the crooked billets to the straight, he also went away out of humor, shaking his head; and a smile went round among the princes as they read upon his back *Erasmus*. *Luther* came next with a chafing-dish of fire, set the crooked billets thereon, and blew it till it burned. A fourth actor, dressed like the emperor himself, poked the fire with his sword, meaning thereby to put it out, but making it instead burn brighter than ever. And lastly, a fifth actor came, in pontifical robes, and by mistake, poured oil instead of water on the flames.

The part assigned to Erasmus in this little comedy, three centuries ago, is very much the part assigned to him by historians of the struggle which it was intended to represent. It is the part which he undoubtedly seemed to play as an actor on the Protestant stage. At a certain point he seemed to turn from the Reformation in fear and disgust. It was very natural that Protestants should, therefore, conclude that, so far as regards religious reform, he was a *time-server*; and this has ever been the Protestant verdict. Such a verdict is not, however, a logical deduction from the evidence, unless it be proved that, in turning away from the Protestant cause, he was departing also from his *own* convictions and kicking against the pricks of his *own* conscience. It may be that he was adhering

throughout to his own previously formed opinions; and that the reason why he seemed to forsake the Protestant path was, that he and the Protestant Reformers, though walking for a while in company, were really travelling different roads. How far this was the case must be learned by the comparison of his early views with his subsequent writings; and none of these are better fitted for this comparison than his satires. We have "The Praise of Folly," written before *Luther* was heard of; and we have "The Familiar Colloquies" written after the pope's bull had issued against *Luther*, and after the epithet of "Antichrist" had been hurled back upon his holiness by the excommunicated heretic. And, finally, we have a defence of these Colloquies, written in the midst of the Anabaptist riots, and after Erasmus had himself entered the lists against *Luther*. If the tone of the one differs from the tone of the other, or the last vein of satire, by its mildness, belies the keenness of the first,—or if the same views are not found in both,—then the old theory may be true. Was it so?

1st. What were the early views of Erasmus upon religious questions, and from whence derived?

He is at Oxford in 1498. Though only just turned thirty, his wasted, sallow cheeks and sunken eyes, show that youth has long ago taken leave of him—that long, deep studies, bad lodging, and the harass of the life of a poor student, driven about, and ill-served, as he has been, have long ago sapped out of a weakly body the most part of its physical energy and strength. The sword has proved itself, ere half worn, too sharp for the scabbard. His fame, as a Latin scholar, is in every one's mouth. He has written one or two Latin works, chiefly of a critical nature; and the learned world has read and admired them. Why, then, is he at Oxford? *Greek* is to be learned there; and Greek, Erasmus is bent upon adding to his Latin. To belong to that little knot of men north of the Alps, who know Greek, whose numbers he may count upon his fingers, is his object of ambition,—his motives, love of fame, and distinction—nothing worse certainly, and perhaps nothing better. His college companions, it chanced, are young More and Dr. Colet, men who ever after count as his closest bosom friends. When three such men are thus thrown together, the strongest character of the three must leave

\* Letter from Erasmus to More, prefixed to the "Praise of Folly."

† Eras. Op. I., p. 895.

its impress on the other two. Elsewhere we have traced that influence on More. How does it work upon Erasmus?

Erasmus is skilled enough as a logician. He knows well how to make the worse appear the better reason. He can argue on any side of any subject. No theologian—in the round of his learning he yet knows something of the theology of the schoolmen; and, consequently, is wont to draw arrows from their capacious quiver whenever Colet, as he often does, engages him on theological subjects.

Colet has just come home fresh from that Italy to which Erasmus is longing to go. He was in Italy while Lorenzo de Medici was in the full blaze of his glory, as the patron of art and learning, and artists and learned men. He talked with many of these, he mingled in the crowd of their admirers, and now he has come home master, not only of the elegant Latin of Politian, but master of that art of the use of language in general, which makes some men's words, few and simple, tell more than torrents of eloquence,—an art which is not to be learned, so much as it is the *gift of men of character*. Idle words fall not from such lips as his. "You speak what you mean, and mean all you speak," says Erasmus. "Words rise from your heart—your lips utter your thoughts without changing them; and when you write, your letters are so open and plain that I read the image of your soul in them, reflected as in clear water."

The truth is, little as Erasmus may as yet understand it, that Colet's whole heart and soul are wrapt up in one great idea, and from thence is derived that strength of purpose in every thing he does, that earnestness and force in every thing he says. Whether, as we have elsewhere hinted, the fire in his own heart was kindled by personal contact with the great Savonarola, when in Florence, is not our present question. It is rather to trace the influence of Colet on Erasmus. He is wont to bring forward some passage from the Gospels or Epistles, upon which his own thoughts have long been brooding. He pares off, one by one, what he calls the cobwebs of the schoolmen, and then gives his own clear, simple view of its real meaning. Erasmus is wont to take the schoolmen's side, and clever and keen are his arguments. But the question is with him a mere trial of skill. Colet's first work is to wean him from this schoolmen's habit. "Let us defend [he one day

writes to Erasmus] that opinion only which is true, or most like the truth, . . . and when, like two flints, we are striking one another, if any spark of light flies out, let us eagerly catch at it!"\*

Sometimes, when away from Oxford, Colet, in his letters, starts questions concerning passages from the writings of St. Paul, of so free a nature, that Erasmus dares not reply in writing, "since," he says, "it is dangerous to speak of them openly."† But as the two friends become more closely knit together, their flints strike more and more often the one against the other, till spark after spark enters deep into the heart of Erasmus, and he is fast becoming the disciple of Colet.

One day they are talking, as they often do of the schoolmen. Erasmus has singled out Aquinas, the best of them, as at least worthy of praise, seeing that he had, at all events, studied the Scriptures. Colet holds his tongue, as if wishing to pass from the subject. Erasmus is not then mine even yet; perhaps he is thinking to himself. But Erasmus turns the conversation upon Aquinas again. Colet turns his searching eye upon his friend, to see whether he is speaking, as he does still, sometimes, in jest, to bring on an argument such as he delights in. Erasmus is this time in earnest. He really does think still that Aquinas was a great theologian. The fire kindles in Colet's eye. "Why do you praise such a man as Aquinas?" he says, earnestly—"a man who, unless he had savored much of the spirit of the world, would never have polluted, as he did, Christ's doctrine, by mixing up with it his profane philosophy."

Few words these, as is Colet's wont; but Erasmus opens his heart to receive them. He likes Colet's boldness, and begins to think that he must be right. Yes, he thinks over to himself, this strange, complicated web of philosophy—this splitting of hairs, and discoursing upon utterly immaterial points—whatever else it be, it cannot be that Christianity which is to save the souls, not only of the learned, but of women and children, peasants and weavers. But, if I begin to doubt what the Church divines teach, where am I to stop? And again, he goes to Colet, the when and the where we know not exactly, but this we do know is the lesson he learns—a lesson that will stick by him for the rest of his life, and

\* Colet to Erasmus, Eras. Op. v. 1291-2.

† Eras. Op. v. 1292, A.



be, as it were a loadstar to him in the darkness of the troublous times that are coming. "Believe what you read in the Bible, and in what is called the apostles' creeds," says Colet, "and don't trouble your mind any further. Let divines, if they like, dispute about the rest. And, as to the observances in general use among Christians, it is better to observe them whenever they are clearly not contrary to the Scriptures, lest you should harm others by their non-observance."\*

Erasmus begins now to enter into the great object of Colet's life. It is to bring out again the Scriptures as the foundation of theological studies—to fight down the schoolmen with the Bible,—to preach the Bible and not the schoolmen, from the pulpit—to teach the Bible and not the schoolmen at the universities, utterly regardless of the tempest and the dust that may be raised, or whether he, D. Colet, shall survive it or not. "Erasmus, will you join me in this work?" he writes to his disciple at last, "I want a partner in my labors." Erasmus replies, bidding Colet God speed! That Colet should have put his own shoulder to the wheel, he marvels not, but he does marvel that Colet should wish such a novice as he to join hands in so glorious a work. He feels that he is not ready—he must study theology deeper first—he must nerve up his mind to greater courage. "But when I shall be conscious that I have courage and strength enough, I will lend my aid to your work. Meanwhile, nothing can be more grateful to me, than that we should go on, as we have begun, discussing, even by letter, the meaning of the Scriptures. Farewell, my Colet."†

Now, what was the consequence of this Oxford intercourse with Colet, extended, as it was, by letter, till Colet's death?

1st, We find Erasmus ever after devoting the best of his life to biblical labors, his Greek New Testament, translations, and paraphrases—works upon which the Reformation may be said to have been founded. 2d, We find Erasmus ever after taking Colet's position in theology—believing the grand doctrines of the Bible and the apostles' creed, and regarding philosophical questions as questions for divines, secondary only in importance, about which men may well differ. 3d, We find Erasmus ever after firmly adhering to the

Church and her usages in general, but hard in his blows, and biting in his satire, upon every abuse or usage which seemed to him contrary to the Scriptures. And among the abuses upon which he lavished his severest satire, were the morals of the clergy and monks, the reliance of the latter on their rites and observances, auricular confession, pardons and indulgences, saint and image worship, and war, upon all which points Colet's views and his were closely alike. Colet had either taught them to Erasmus, or they had learned them together from the Bible.

We turn now to the "Praise of Folly;" in order, first, to point out the circumstances under which it was written, and then to bring home to the reader the views it expressed.

After some years of close study of Greek, and through its aid, of the New Testament and early Fathers, during which his intercourse with Colet is maintained by letter, Erasmus determines to visit Italy. He cannot be satisfied without going there; and so, after another short visit to his English friends on his rough hack, with his travelling boots and baggage, behold him trudging, day after day, through the dirt of German roads, such as they were three centuries ago. Thoroughly hard, unintellectual day-work *this* for our student, in his jaded bodily condition, now close upon forty. Strange places, too, for a bookworm, those roadside inns, into which he turns his weary head at night. One room serves for all comers; and into this one room, heated like a stove, some eighty or ninety guests stow themselves, boots, baggage, dirt, and all. As their wet clothes hang on the stove iron to dry, they wait for their supper. There are among them, footmen and horsemen, merchants, sailors, wagoners, husbandmen, children and women, sound and sick—combing their heads, wiping their brows, cleaning their boots, stinking of garlic, and making as great a confusion of tongues as there was at the building of Babel! No literary work can be done here, it is plain; and when, past midnight, Erasmus is at length shown to his bedchamber, he finds it to be rightly named—there is nothing in it but a bed,—and the great task before him is now to find, between its rough, unwashed sheets, some chance hours of repose.\*

So fare Erasmus and his horse on their day-

\* Opera Eras. i. 658, C.

† Eras. Op. v. 128.

\* See Erasmus' description of these inns in his colloquy entitled, "*The Inns*."

by-day journey into Italy, sometimes a little better and sometimes a little worse; but by virtue of perseverance in the jog-trot of the steed, and patient endurance on the part of the jolted rider, Erasmus at length finds himself in Italy, and, after diverse wanderings, in Rome herself. Now we are not going to tire the reader with a description of what Rome was in those days, or with a long description of what Erasmus did there—how he was flattered, and how many honors he was promised, and how many of these promises he found to be, as it is said injuries ought to be, written in sand. We had rather see him on his old horse again, jogging on as before, back again from Italy after some years' stay there, travelling the same dirty, bad roads, lodging at the same kind of inns, and meeting the same kind of people on his way home to England. There are hearts in England that Erasmus can trust, whether he can or cannot those in Rome; and, when he reaches England, and is safely housed with his dearest of all friends—Sir Thomas More, and can write and talk to Colet as he pleases, he will forget the toils of his journey, and once more breathe freely.

But what concerns us most is this: that it was to beguile these dreary journeys, that he thought out in his head, and that it was when he was safe in More's house that he put into writing his famous satire upon the Follies of his age—a satire which had grown up within him at these roadside inns, as he met in them men of all classes and modes of life, and the keen edge of which was whetted by his recent visit to Italy and Rome—a satire which he wittily named "*The Praise of Folly*."

In this little book he fulfilled his promise to Colet:—"When I have studied a little deeper, and have got courage enough, I will come to your aid." What Colet and he had whispered in the closet at Oxford, in it he proclaimed upon the house-top. And let it be remembered, it was no mere obscure pamphlet, cautiously printed, anonymously, till it should be seen how the world would take it; the wounds it made were not inflicted in the dark by an unknown hand, but the barbed arrows of his satire flew openly in the daylight, straight to the mark, and their wounds were none the less keenly felt because they were known to have come from the bow of the world-famed *Erasmus*!

Folly from her rostrum deals with a variety

of topics, and finds votaries everywhere. She portrays the "grammarians" or schoolmasters, as despicable tyrants, and their filthy, unswept schools as "houses of correction." She points to the follies of the lawyer, sophist, and astrologer, in turn, and has her hard hit at each. And then passing from smaller to greater and graver fools, she casts her eye upon the schoolmen:—

"Perhaps it would be safest for me to pass these by. It might be hazardous to speak of men so hot and passionate. They would, doubtless, brand me as a heretic." But, nevertheless, she undertakes the task, and points out the sort of questions in disputing about which they spend their lives—such as whether Christ, instead of taking upon himself the form of a man, could have taken upon him the form of a woman, a devil, a beast, an herb, or a stone, and how, in the last case, he would have preached his gospel, or been nailed to the cross,—questions of so subtle a nature, that the apostles themselves would stand in need of a new revelation were they to engage in controversy with these new divines. These men (she continues) complain that St. Paul, when he said that 'faith is the substance of things hoped for, laid down a very careless definition; and say that he described charity very inaccurately in the 13th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. Again—The apostles were personally known to the mother of Jesus, but none of them philosophically proved, as some of these men do, that she was preserved immaculate from original sin. The apostles worshipped in spirit and in truth; but it does not appear that it ever was revealed to them how the same adoration that is paid to Christ should be paid to his picture here below upon a wall. They often mention "grace," but never distinguish between "*gratia gratis data*" and "*gratia gratificans*." They earnestly exhorted to good works, but never explained the difference between "*opus operans*" and "*opus operatum*." They invite us to press after charity, but they never divide it into "*infused*" and "*acquired*," or determine whether it is a "*substance*" or an "*accident*." And so in other particulars."

Writing these words at More's house, Erasmus could not help mentioning the existence of a little band, who felt as though they could shake off the very dust of their feet against this scholastic theology. Thus a little further on Folly adds:—

"But there are some men, and among them theologians too [Colet for instance], who think it sacrilegious, and the height of im-

piety, for men thus, with unclean lips, to dispute so sharply and define so presumptuously of things so sacred, that they are rather to be adored than explained; and thus to defile the majesty of divine theology with their own cold words and sordid thoughts.

"But, spite of these better men, the divines choose to follow their own fancies; they will occupy themselves night and day in their own foolish studies, while they will scarcely spare a moment to read either the Gospels or the Epistles of Paul."

Truly Erasmus has in good earnest joined Colet in his battle against the schoolmen. He has taken Colet's simple view of theology, and has grown bold enough to publish it. And though the "Praise of Folly," being a satire upon existing abuses, does not tell us fully what he wishes to see in their place; yet there is other abundant evidence, that he not only sought to wean men's minds from the works of the schoolmen, that he also sought to lead them to the Bible. He was already preparing for his Greek New Testament, by a patient study of its contents; and already was the truth dawning on his mind, which afterwards found vent in his defence of his Testament; viz., that the Scriptures should be translated into all languages, so that not only all Christians, but that Turks and Saracens might read them. "I would," said he, "that the peasant should sing the truths of the Bible as he follows the plough; that the weaver should tune them to the whirr of his shuttle; that the traveller should beguile with its stories the tediousness of his journey."\*

From the *doctrines* of the schoolmen and divines, "Folly" turns to the *morals* of popes and clergy, their secular pursuits, and the wars which they engage in themselves, and foment among the princes:—

"The popes of Rome (she says) govern in Christ's stead; if they would but imitate his example, there would be no party strife, no buying of votes in the conclave, to secure an election; and those who, by bribery, get themselves elected pope, would never resort to pistol, poison, force, and violence, to maintain their position. . . . It is singular that St. Peter should have told our Saviour that he had left all to follow him, and yet could leave as an inheritance to these popes (St. Peter's patrimony they call it), fields, towns, treasures, and large dominions! While, too, their only weapons should be those of the spirit, to defend this patrimony, they fight with fire and sword. . . . As if Christ were perished,

they defend his religion by arms. Yes, though war be so brutish, that it becomes beasts rather than men—so frantic, that even the poets feigned it to be the work of the furies—so licentious, that it puts a stop to all justice and honesty—so unjust, that it is best waged by ruffians and banditti—and so impious, that it cannot exist along with Christ; yet, in spite of all this, these popes will go to war." . . .

Then again, "the popes only thrust their sickle into the harvest of *profit*, while they leave the *toil* of spiritual husbandry to the bishops. The bishops, in their turn, bestow it on the pastors; the pastors on their curates; they, again, commit it to the mendicant monks; who give it again to such as know how to take advantage of the flock, and to benefit out of their place."

Passing from the clergy to those "who vulgarly call themselves 'the religious,' and 'monks,' though most of them are as far from religion as they swarm in numbers," the satire rises to a severer tone—a tone, the very seriousness and solemnness of which must have made it doubly stinging to its unfortunate victims.

"Their religion consists, for the most part, in their title . . . and yet they think that they have worked so many works of supererogation, that one heaven can never be reward enough for their meritorious life; little thinking that Christ, at the last day, shall put all their works aside, and ask only whether they have fulfilled his own single precept of charity. Then will one brag that he has fed only upon fish—another that he has done nothing but sing psalms—a third will tell how many thousand fasts he has kept—another will plead, that for threescore years he has never so much as touched a piece of money, without protecting his fingers from pollution by a double cloth—another shall glory in having, for seventy-five years, lived like a sponge, fixed to one spot—another shall aver, that his voice is hoarse with incessant singing—another, that his tongue has grown stiff with long silence. But Christ, putting a stop to their never-ending self-glorification, shall answer, 'I told you plainly in my gospel, that my Father's kingdom was promised, not to cows or habits, vigils or fastings, but to the practice of charity. I cannot own such as think so much of their own deeds as if they were holier than I. Let those who prefer their own traditions to my precepts, go and occupy the empyrean heavens, or order new ones to be built for them.'

"When the monks shall hear these things, and see sailors and wagoners preferred to

themselves, what grimaces, think you, will they not make."

Thus boldly did Erasmus bid defiance to the most powerful rabble upon earth—a rabble that he well knows will take summary vengeance in one way or another.

As to *indulgences and pardons*, without saying that all such pardons are wrong, he points out the evil of their abuse.

"By the purchase of pardons, a merchant, soldier, or judge, by giving up a portion of his ill-gotten gains, deems the sink of his heart purged from iniquity—a bargain struck, as it were, with his sins; and then, all arrears being paid, he enters upon a new cycle of crime."

As to *saint-worship*, without condemning it altogether, Folly asks, "What do men pray for, and thank the saints for, but such things as minister most to their folly? One has escaped from shipwreck; another has lived through a battle; another, while the rest were fighting as bravely and as happily, fled. Another has broken jail; another, against the will of his physician, has recovered from a fever; but nobody thanks the saints for preserving him from Folly!"

Such was the "Praise of Folly;" silent upon the use of these things (if such there be), but bitter as gall upon their prevalent abuse.

We turn now to the *Colloquies* to ask, first, under what circumstances they were written, and then what views they expressed. Ten years have passed since the former satire was written. Colet, having labored manfully during his short, noble life, rests from his labors. Erasmus has not yet followed him. A wanderer from city to city, to study this manuscript and that—struggling with poverty, the wolf scarcely ever driven for long together from the door—irritated by constant conflict, owing to the enemies that his bold satire has made—worn by incessant literary toil—the loss of friends, and the excitement of success in the midst of wasting bodily maladies, he has, nevertheless, given to the world his Greek New Testament; and the wonder is, that he is still among the living. He had worked hard in the hope that he might eke out his bodily strength to the end of his great work; but to survive the thrill of approbation with which the best men of Europe have hailed its publication, was beyond what he looked for.

A little while ago, he was indeed brought to death's door. But the destroyer spared him. "Who would have thought that this frail, wasted body (he writes) weaker now by increasing age, after the toils of so many journeys, and the labor of so many studies, should have struggled through such an illness as I have had. You know how hard I had been working at Basle just before it. I had a kind of suspicion that this year would be fatal to me, because worse and worse maladies came so thick upon me in succession. When the disease was at its worst, I felt that I could neither grieve at the loss of life, nor tremble at the fear of death. There was hope in Christ alone; and to him I could only pray that he would give me just what was best for me. *Formerly, when a young man, I remember that I used to tremble at the mere name of death.*"\*

It was then from a sick, and as it was thought, a dying, bed, that Erasmus rose to grapple with times more troublous than any he had yet seen.

While Erasmus had labored, another man had entered into his labors, and was pushing them much further than he had dared to do. While, with the rest of the world, he was wondering what manner of man this newly risen Luther could be, the world expected him to tell them boldly what he was; and to take his side either with Luther or the pope. For long he had kept silent, on the pretext that, not having read his works, he was not able to judge. Then the crisis had come. The papal bull and Luther's book, "*De Captivitate Babylonica*," had made all things ripe for a schism. He grieved to separate himself from such men as Hutten and the gentle Melancthon. He hated the very thought of siding with the monks, "for if the monks get the upper hand again, they will try," he said, "to entomb Jesus Christ so that he may rise no more." But yet he dared not lend his aid to a schism. "I would join," he writes, "with Luther with all my heart, if I saw he was with the Catholic Church. If things come to extremities, and the Church totters on both sides, I will fix myself on the solid rock till a calm succeeds, and I can see which is the Church." Was it wonderful that, in his bodily weakness, he should refuse to join as a leader in the Protestant battle; that he should complain of being dragged into the

\* Erasmus to Beatus Rhenanus, Eras. op.



controversy, and confess that not having the courage requisite for a martyr, he feared, that if put to the test, he should imitate St. Peter?" Was it strange that he should choose rather to pursue in peace, so long as bodily strength might allow, those biblical labors that Colet and he had planned and undertaken together? Whether strange or not, he has made his choice, and to that choice adheres.

He publishes revised editions of his New Testament; and, more than this, he proceeds steadily with a work supplemental to it—a work, the first portion of which had been issued as early as 1517, while Luther was sticking up his thesis on the Wittenburg church doors—and which had been commenced many years before that; viz., a simple paraphrase or exposition of the plain sense of the New Testament, undefiled by the subtleties of the schoolmen, and unbiassed even by the controversies raging around him. How honestly and faithfully this work was accomplished, is pointedly shown by the fact, that when an English Bible was ordered to be placed in every English church, at the suggestion of the Protestant Coverdale, an English translation of these paraphrases of Catholic Erasmus was ordered to be placed side by side with that Bible, as best fitted to teach its real meaning to the people. At this work, then, it is that Erasmus is laboring, while torn in pieces between the two opposing parties, and while he is refusing to side with either, to the vexation of both, it is this work that he is writing to Froben, the printer, to press forward, though to the neglect of others, being the one *best fitted for times such as these*.

Had the paraphrases been written in calmer times, we might have passed them by; but that, in the most controversial of all times, this most uncontroversial of all expositions of the Bible, should have come from the pen of Erasmus, is too sure a proof to be slighted, how closely he followed the advice of Colet, "Keep to the Bible and the apostles' creed. Let divines, if they like, dispute about the rest."

Nor is this mention of the paraphrases irrelevant to our review of the satire of Erasmus. It was during the intervals of his biblical labors that the old vein of satire, traced before, found vent again, this time in the garb of a mere schoolbook, dedicated to one of the children of Froben, the printer, and en-

titled, "Familiar Colloquies." And these little bursts of wit are only to be correctly judged with those greater and graver labors in the background.

What are these "Colloquies"?

"This book [said Erasmus] is not a book upon the doctrines of our faith, it treats upon the art of correct speaking."

It begins with simple instructions as to what a polite boy is to say upon this and upon that occasion, so that he may pass for a gentleman, and not for a churl. It teaches what forms of salutation are used by the vulgar, and what approved by the learned; how to greet a friend or a stranger when you meet, and how to bid them farewell at parting. It then proceeds to explain, by example, how a man may show his concern for another who is ill, or congratulate him if he be well. And, as by degrees the sentences and conversations lengthen, they grow into dialogues on various subjects supposed to be instructive to youth. As these advance, they become less and less trivial, and more and more serious, until at last, by insensible degrees, you find yourself under the full force of the severest satire, one thing after another passing under the lash in turn.

As in the "Praise of Folly," so in the "Colloquies," Erasmus takes no pains to conceal his disgust at the utter hollowness and want of principle which marks the tone of general society, or his conviction that monkery has eaten into its very core, and is to be blamed for much of its rottenness.

Take, for instance, the colloquy of the "False Knight." It reminds one of Ellesmere's essay on "The Art of Self-Advancement," in the last series of "Friends in Council." It professes to show how a man may cut a respectable figure in the world, though, in fact, he is nothing at all, and has nothing at all—not even a conscience.

"Go to a place where you are not known, and call yourself a nobleman, for the nobility have a general license to be lawless. If any traveller should chance to come that way—it may be out of Spain—ask how your cousin the Count of Nassau does, and the like. Wear a seal-ring upon your finger (you can get a brass ring gilt for a trifle). Hang a coat-of-arms up over every door you lodge at. Have counterfeit letters sent you, in which you are styled 'the Illustrious Knight,' and so forth, and in which there are plentiful mention of castles, estates, and great affairs. Contrive



to drop these letters by chance, or what is better, send your coat to the tailor's to be mended, with one in the pocket; and, when you hear of it, as you will, put on an air of exceeding vexation at your carelessness. Take care to have servants about you who shall call you 'My lord,' and so on. Bribe some needy printer to mention you in his pamphlet as some great man, e.g., a nobleman from Bohemia, and in *capital letters*. And mind you your servants must gain their pay by the use of their fingers. In the retinue of a nobleman they can do this with ease. Then, as to the money, people always give to a nobleman credit. And never be afraid of your creditors; they will never offend so great a personage, lest they should lose their money altogether. No one has his servants more in awe than a debtor his creditor. If you ever pay them any thing they will take it more kindly by far than if it were a gift. When they come to you always make a show of money. If you have to borrow the money, and pay it back the same day, you must have money to show. When you are over head and heels in debt in one place, remove to another; that is the way all great princes do, and therefore you need not fear—you are in good company. . . . If things grow desperate, pick up a quarrel with some monks or priests (they always have plenty of money). Breathe nothing but destruction and ruin upon them, and when they are thoroughly terrified, offer to compound matters by the demand of three thousand pieces of gold. If you demand such a sum, they will be ashamed to offer you less than two hundred, at all events. When you find that you must leave the place altogether, give it out that you are called away suddenly by the emperor, and let it be known that you will shortly return at the head of an army. And, finally, you need not forget that you have a pair of heels to trust to, if you cannot depart like a lion!"

After such maxims as these (we have only given the pith of them) the colloquy winds up with reminding the reader that to play such a part with success, *one thing is absolutely needful; viz., that a man should believe that after death there will remain nothing of him but his carcass!*

Take again the colloquy called "Charon," in which Erasmus represents the old ferryman mourning his wrecked boat, while his overcrowded passengers are paddling among the frogs. Fame brings him word that he may expect a brisk trade; for the furies have shaved their crowns as smooth as an egg. *Strange animals in black, white, and gray habits*, are hovering about the ears of princes,

and stirring them up to war. In France they preach that God is on the French side; in England and Spain that the war is not the king's but God's! Add to this, that a new fire of strife has grown up of late in the *variety of opinions* that men have. At these news Charon determines to invest the half-pence, which for the last three thousand years he has been scraping together, all in a new boat. But, alas! he says, if any should start a peace, my gains will be taken away at once! Never mind that. They who preach peace, preach to the deaf. Alas, too, all the Elysian woods having been felled for burning heretics' ghosts, where is his wood to come from? Then who is to row over these multitudes? The ghosts shall row themselves, says Charon, if they have a mind to get over. What if they have never learned to row? Charon has no respect of persons. He will make kings row, and cardinals row, as well as the poorest peasant. Every one with him takes his turn. Meanwhile, the banks of the river are already crowded with ghosts. Charon goes after a boat, and the messenger hastens on to hell with the good news!

Passing from the general to the particular, in another colloquy Erasmus represents a soldier coming home with empty pockets, but heavy laden with sin. He tells of the crimes committed under the sanction of the law of arms. His friend tells him that his only excuse is, that he is mad, with the most of mankind. The soldier retorts that he has heard a parson say from the pulpit that war is lawful. "Yes," says the other, "pulpits are no doubt oracles of truth; but though war be lawful for a *prince*, it does not follow that it is lawful for *you*." The soldier then urges that every man must live by his trade. "Ha," replies the other, "an honorable trade this!—to burn houses, rob churches, ravish nuns, plunder the poor, and murder the innocent." "What of that?" replies the soldier: "if I had robbed Christ himself, and cut off his head afterwards, the priests have pardons to cover it, and commissions large enough to compound for it." "But what," says the other, "*if your composition is not ratified in Heaven?*" "What a troublesome fellow you are, to put such scruples in my head. My conscience was quiet enough before; pray, let it alone." "Nay, you should be glad to meet a friend who gives good advice." "I can't tell how good it is," says the soldier,

"but I am sure that it is not very pleasant;" and so they part.

"I wrote this colloquy," says Erasmus (in 1526), "that young men may learn to hate the villainies of the soldier's life. And in what I say about pardons in these colloquies (and they are often mentioned), I do not condemn all pardons, but those vain triflers, who put their trust in them without the least thought of amending their lives. Surely, it is well to admonish young men in this matter. But you will say, that by this means the commissioners may lose their gains! If you are an honest man, hear me: If they be good men, they will rejoice that the simple are thus warned; but if they be such as prefer gain to godliness, then—Fare-them-well!"

Next we adduce a colloquy satirizing *Confession and Saint Worship*.

In the "Shipwreck," the effect of the terrors of a raging sea, and the prospect of a watery grave, on the various passengers, is depicted with all Erasmus' power and skill in word-painting. You feel yourself in the midst of it all as you read it: shrouds and masts shattered and gone; bales of merchandise turned overboard; sailors singing lustily their "Salve Regina," in hopes that the Virgin Mary (though she never took a voyage in her life) may hear them, and save them from the all-devouring sea. An Englishman promises mountains of gold to "Our Lady at Walsingham;" another, a pilgrimage to St. James de Compostella, barefoot and bareheaded, and begging his way; another, at the top of his voice, vows a wax taper as big as himself to St. Christopher (but whispers that if once on shore, he shall not have even a tallow candle). How affliction makes men religious! One man only there is on board who makes no vows, and bargains with no saint. "Heaven is a large place," he says; "and if I should recommend myself even to St. Peter, who, as he stands at the door, would perhaps hear soonest, before he can come to God Almighty and tell him my condition, I may be lost. I will go to God the Father himself; no saint hears sooner than he does." There is a mother there, with her little child clasped to her bosom, calmer than any one else. She neither bawls, nor weeps, nor makes vows; but hugging her little boy, she prays softly and in silence. The ship dashes now and again against the ground. She must soon fall to pieces. Here is an old priest, and there a Dominican monk; and see how fast

every one in turn is making hasty confession. There is one only who, seeing the bustle, confesses himself privately to God—the man who had prayed to God. Then comes a cry of land. But the ship is falling to pieces. A rush begins for oars, planks, and poles. The boats are overcrowded, and sink. Only seven out of seventy-eight passengers get safely to shore; and among them are found, not those who promised mountains of gold to the Virgin, or wax candles to the saints,—not those who bawled their loudest "Salve Regina,"—not those who confessed most devoutly to the priest and the monk;—but the calm, pious woman and her child, and the man who prayed and confessed himself only to God, these are the first to be landed in safety!

Holding these colloquies to be conclusive evidence that Erasmus, while still adhering to the Church and her usages in general, as he has ever done, is bold as ever in his satire upon such abuses or usages as are in his view contrary to the Bible, we now turn to the question, how far he maintained in this work the general position in theology, which, as we have said, he had inherited from Colet, and adopted as his own.

Has the great Protestant Revolution materially changed his views? Does he, still hating the schoolmen, still look upon the Bible as the fountain-head of the Christian faith? Does he still point to the Apostles' Creed as the line within which the interpretation of that Bible should be unanimous throughout the Christian Church? Is he still willing to admit that, beyond that line, men may well differ in their interpretations, and need not be too anxious to agree? Now that difference of opinion has become more prominent than ever, does he depart from his liberal views; or does he seek to disarm the difference of opinion of its bitterness by calling men to rally round their points of agreement, rather than fight about unessential points of difference?

There is a colloquy called the "Child's Piety," in which one schoolboy tells another about his religion. In answer to numerous questions he is made to say, "I kneel down by my bedside at night, say over the things learned during the day at school, and ask Christ's forgiveness for my faults." . . . "During divine service, when I feel myself polluted with the stain of any sin, I do not withdraw myself from the altar, but in my mind, stand-

ing as it were afar off, as though not daring to lift up my eyes to God the Father, whom I have offended, I strike upon my breast, and cry out with the publican, 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner.' . . . "I give thanks to Jesus Christ for his unspeakable love in condescending to redeem mankind by his death, and I pray that he will not suffer that his most holy blood should have been shed in vain for me." . . . "I confess daily; but I confess to Him who alone truly remits sin." "To whom?" "To Christ." "And do you think that enough?" "It would be enough for me, if it were enough for the rulers of the Church and received custom. Whether Christ appointed confession as now used in the Church, I leave to be disputed by divines. To confess to Christ is certainly the *principal confession*, and nobody confesses to him but he that is angry with his sin. If I have committed any sin, I lay it open and bewail it to him, and implore his mercy; nor do I give over till I feel the love of sin purged from the bottom of my heart; and the peace of mind that follows, I take as a proof of the sin being pardoned. I confess to a priest before I go to communion, but even then only in few words." As to his future life, he rather inclines to divinity, "though the bitter contentions among divines displease me." Finally, to the objection that many are afraid of divinity, because they see no principle but what is called in question, he answers, "I believe firmly what I read in the Scriptures and the Apostles' Creed, and I don't trouble my head any further. I leave the rest to be disputed and defined by the clergy, if they please. Whatever is commonly observed among Christians, if it is not repugnant to the Scriptures, I also observe, lest I should harm other people. . . . When I was a boy, and very young, I happened to live in the house of that honestest of men, *John Colet*; . . . and he instructed me, when I was young, in these precepts."

Finally, there is another colloquy, in which a Catholic is made to examine a Protestant closely concerning his belief in the *Apostles' Creed*. And having elicited from the Lutheran a full and orthodox answer to every question upon every point in turn, the Catholic at length confesses: "When I was in Rome I did not find all so sound in the faith!

\* Erasmus, Op. 1: 653.

Well, then, since you agree with us in so many and weighty points, how comes it that there is this war between you and the orthodox?" And, in his defence of the colloquies, before quoted, Erasmus says (in 1526): "I set forth in this colloquy the sum of the Catholic faith, and that, too, somewhat more clearly than it is taught by some divines of great fame. I bring in the person of a Lutheran, so that by showing that we do agree in the chief articles of orthodox religion, a reconciliation may be made more easy between them and us. . . . Let us try [he continues] candidly to interpret other men's words, and not esteem our own as oracles; for where there is hatred in judging, judgment is blind. May that Spirit, which is the pacifier of all, who uses his instruments in various ways, make us agree and consent in sound doctrine and holy manners, that we may all come to the fellowship of the true Jerusalem, that knows no discords!"

Clearly and explicitly must these colloquies be admitted to uphold those general views which we have endeavored to bring out in these pages, as the views that Colet and Erasmus had accepted before the name of Luther was known outside convent walls.

But it may be said, as it has been said a hundred times, "Why, then, did Erasmus attack Luther?" It is no part of our purpose to deny that Erasmus had faults, or to free his character from every charge of inconsistency. Theory is one thing, and practice another. A man may be sectarian in his very denunciation of all sectarianism, if he denounce it in a sectarian spirit. And that that spirit is to be found embittering the words of Erasmus when in controversy with Luther, far be it from us to deny. Few men of that day were free from it. But it is worth our while to remember, that the charge Erasmus made against Luther, in his controversy on the Freedom of the Will, was not only a charge of error in his view of the question itself, but also the very charge which he and Luther had both made against the schoolmen—"Why encumber Christianity with your philosophies?"—That the position taken by Erasmus upon that question was, that it was one of *philosophy*,—a question which had vexed Pagans before Christ was born, and which was in its nature inexplicable. He thought, therefore, that it was best not too

anxiously even to try to fathom its unfathomable abyss.\*

Leaving, then, the faults and weakness of Erasmus, in matters of action and practice, untold and undefended, we have, in conclusion, to ask only whether any alteration in his general views can be traced in his last works and words.

Would that we could throw any thing of tragic interest or brightness round his last years. There is something so grand in a great man's life, ending just in its meridian glory—whether the end comes, as in More's case, upon the scaffold, or the pestilence steps in rudely, as in Colet's case, and spares him the trial of faith, and perhaps the pains of martyrdom—that it is painful to dwell instead upon the long dragging out of life through years of sickness—the pale messenger so long in view, but so long in coming, as if the process of dying were as tedious as man's life is short.

Thus it has been usual to hush up the last days of Erasmus. But we want to know, when we hear of his being crippled by disease, and brought nigh to death's gate, whether he still holds at seventy, and dying, the views learned from Colet at thirty, published in the "Praise of Folly" at forty, and confirmed by his biblical works and Colloquies between fifty and sixty.

Let us then look at Erasmus, on the verge of seventy, wrapped up in his blankets, writhing with pain, daily dragging his wasted body, as it were, peace-meal to the grave—and mark that he is writing, in his sixty-seventh year, a simple exposition of the *Apostles' Creed*, and a treatise "*Concerning the Unity of the Church in Love*."

It is well to mark, too, how he bears up under the news of the execution of his darling friend, Sir Thomas More—that execution, of which a severe critic has acknowledged that it was the world's wonder, as well for the circumstances under which it was perpetrated, as for the supernatural calmness with which it was borne—a calamity which was to Erasmus like the severing of his joints and marrow, but which was borne by him patiently, under the full and avowed assurance, that very soon he should meet again that friend, "whose bosom was," he said, "altogether whiter than snow."†

Nor did his sorrow stop that work which his maladies could not. His grief found vent in the preface of a treatise, which he named "*Ecclesiastes*," or "the Method of Preaching." The great want of the Church he thinks to be pure and Christian pastors, who should scatter the seed of the Gospel. He asks, Whence the coldness of men's hearts? Whence so much paganism, under the Christian name? And he answers these questions by saying, "When I was in Italy, I found a people willing to be taught; but I did not find the pastors to teach them."

Thus dropping the negative tone of satire, his mind grapples with positive and practical questions, during the months of suffering and sorrow which usher in his seventieth year, and the pale messenger with it.

He has urged with his dying voice the purity of *pastors* to feed the flock. Thirty years ago he declared his opinion in the "Praise of Folly," that the priests and clergy alone did not make up that Church which is the spouse of Christ. Why should he not add the testimony of his dying voice to the purity which the Gospel demands equally of each individual Christian and member of that Church? He takes up, therefore, his pen once again. "Some think," he says, "that Christ is only to be found in the cloister. I think he is to be found, universal as the sun, lighting the world. He is to be found in the palaces of princes, and in the soldier's camp. He is to be found in the trireme of the sailor, and in every pious heart. . . . Know then, O Christian! thy true dignity, not acquired by thy merit, but given thee from Heaven. I am speaking to thee, whether thou art a man or a woman, young or old, rich or poor, noble or ignoble, a king, a peasant, or a weaver; and I tell thee, whoever thou art, if thou art born again in Christ, thou art a king! thou art a priest! thou art a saint! thou art the temple of the living God! Dost thou gaze in wonder at a temple of marble shining with gems and gold? Thou art a temple more precious than this! Dost thou regard as sacred the temple that bishops have consecrated? Thou art more sacred still! Thou art not anointed only with sacerdotal oil; thou art anointed with the blood of the immaculate Lamb. . . . Each in his own temple," Erasmus goes on to say, "we must sacrifice our evil passions and our own wills—offer up our lives and hearts—if we would at last be

\* *Erasmi, Op. Epistolæ* 764 D.

† See preface to "*Ecclesiastes*."



translated into the heavenly temple, there to reign with Christ, to whom be glory and thanksgiving forever!"

This is the last sentence of the last work of Erasmus. It bears date January, 1536. On the 15th of July, after uttering many sentences, which, says his friend, Beatus Rhen-

anus, plainly showed that he put all his trust in Christ, with the words "*Lieber Gott*" upon his lips, he died at midnight.

Thus the last days of Erasmus set a seal to the consistency with which he held the main tenor of his religious views unchanged to the end.

**ADVENTURE OF A NUGGET.**—A correspondent of the San Francisco *Golden Era* gives the following very curious history of a nugget of gold during the last few years. The writer, says:—

"Its value is about \$300; it is of an irregular shape, and perfectly pure. It was first found by an Indian in 1853, on a gulch leading into Dry Crater, a bank, threw it upon a pile of 'tail-Creek, Amador County. A Mexican, in penings,' without particularly observing it. An Indian, passing soon after, discovered it, and waiting until the Greaser's back was turned, seized it and slipped it into his bosom. The eye of the Mexican caught the movement, and he asked the Digger what he had secreted. Instead of answering, the latter took to his heels. The Mexican drew a knife and started in pursuit, and after a long chase overtook the Indian, stabbed him fatally, and returned with the nugget. The victim was found by his tribe, and lived long enough to describe the murder. The following night the Mexican was murdered in his tent, and the nugget passed into the hands of one of the members of the party of Indians who had committed the deed. Fearful of offering it for sale, lest it might be recognized, the Digger traded it for a mule with a drunken minor on the Consummes River. The owner buried it one night while intoxicated, and the next day utterly failed to recollect its place of concealment.

"The disappointment, of course, was a sufficient apology for another spree, during which, strange to say, he found the nugget, and dropped it from his pocket an hour after, when it was picked up by a man by the name of Peters. Not knowing the owner, or caring particularly to find one for it, he said nothing of his good fortune, and the next week deposited the nugget, with a quantity of other gold in the safe of a friend in Sacramento. The safe was robbed shortly after, but no arrest was made. The nugget was next seen on a gambling table in San Francisco, where it had been lost, probably by the thief. It was then purchased by a jeweller, and for several months adorned the win-

dow of his shop on Montgomery Street, when an adroit thief one day removed it from the gaze of a curious public, and left it with a pawnbroker in pledge for two hundred dollars. The latter hurried it to an assay office, where it was purchased by an employee at its full value. The owner sent it to his father in Illinois, some months after. In 1855, in travelling through that state it was accidentally shown to Peters by the owner. He recognized it at once, and prevailed upon the old gentleman to part with it at an advance of twenty-five dollars. Peters is now a resident of San Francisco, and still owns the adventurous nugget, the history of which he has taken much interest in tracing."

**SEWING MACHINES.**—They have become one of the domestic institutions of the country. They are introduced with great rapidity into all parts of the land, and into thousands of families. The following table shows the growth of the business. The principal companies making them are Wheeler & Wilson, I. M. Singer & Co., and Grover & Baker. Of the machines made by them, there were sold in 1853 about 2000; 1854, 5000; 1855, 3600; 1856, 7400; 1857, 12,785; 1858, 17,659; 1859, 46,510.

Of this vast number, sold in 1859, Wheeler & Wilson sold 21,305; I. M. Singer & Co., 10,953; Grover & Baker, 10,280.

Nearly one-half of all that have been sold since the invention, have been sold during the past year.—*N. Y. Observer.*

ACCORDING to some of the German papers, Vesuvius is to be "put down." They seriously announce that a company of English capitalists have made an application to the king of Naples for a concession for the extinction of Vesuvius. The principal seat of the fire of that volcano is situated several thousand feet below the level of the sea. By cutting a canal which would carry the water into the crater, the fire would be completely extinguished, and the operation, which would only cost two millions of francs, would restore to cultivation land of ten times that value.



From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Guide to the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London.* By D. W. Mitchell, B.A., F.L.S.; and P. L. Slater, M.A. Third edition. London: August, 1859.
2. *Zoological Sketches.* By Joseph Wolf. Edited by D. W. Mitchell. London: 1858.
3. *Annual Reports of the Zoological Society of London:* 1859.
4. *Bulletin de la Société Impériale Zoologique d'Acclimatation.* tom. 1—4.: 1854—1859.
5. *Animaux Utiles, Domestication et Naturalisation.* Par Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire. Paris: 1854.
6. *Gleanings from Knowsley Menagerie.* 2 vols. 18mo.

AMONG the inventions of the island Atlantis, the prescient mind of Bacon shadowed forth in the following remarkable words, spoken by the Father of Solomon's House, an experimental Zoological Garden:—

"We have also parks and inclosures of all sorts of beasts and birds, which we use not for view or rareness, but likewise for dissections and trials, that thereby we may take light what may be wrought on the body of man; wherein we find many strange effects; as, continuing life in them, though divers parts, which you account vital, be perished and taken forth; resuscitating of some that seem dead in appearance and the like. We try also poisons and other medicines upon them, as well of surgery as physic. By art likewise we make them greater or taller than their kind is, and contrariwise dwarf them and stay their growth. We make them more fruitful and bearing than their kind is, and contrariwise barren and not generative. Also we make them differ in color, shape, activity, many ways. We find means to make mixtures of divers kinds, which have produced many new kinds, and them not barren, as the general opinion is. . . . We have also particular pools where we make trials upon fishes, as we have said before of beasts and birds. We have also places for breed and generation of those kinds of worms and flies which are of special use, such as are with you, your silk-worms and bees."

The scheme which Bacon suggested has been in some measure fulfilled in the menagerie attached to the Museum of Natural History in the Jardin des Plantes, whence Cuvier derived most of the materials for his immortal works, and in the Zoological Society's establishment in London, whence Professor Owen has in the same way matured many of his discoveries. In the date of its origin, the

menagerie in Paris far precedes the other collections of Europe, having been commenced in the year 1809, under the direction of its projector the celebrated Geoffroy St. Hilaire.

That great advantage has been derived from these collections is a fact acknowledged by physiologists on all hands, and there is scarcely a volume of transactions published in Europe without indications of their usefulness as "trial places." The development of the mammalian embryo, the germ of life in every stage of its progress in the ornithic ovum, the transition of form from class to class, and all the recent revelations of archetype, could never have been demonstrated without the aid of these collections. Comparative anatomy in its modern condition of advancement has grown out of them, and with their extension the investigation of other mysteries will similarly expand. When some new agent affecting life dawns upon the world, the inventor resorts to the vivarium for his first essays. Chloroform commenced fatally upon the little rodents to which it was administered; but its manipulation having been gradually ameliorated and made certain by the sacrifice of these animals, it has conferred on mankind the universal blessing of an ægis against pain. Bacon's idea of tracing the seat of life, is curiously illustrated by Mr. Waterton's account of the tortoise he dissected at Rome, which being accidentally left in an unfinished state one evening, after abstraction of the brain, was found alive when he returned to his work in the morning. The reproduction of limbs in insects, and even of heads in the lower organizations, with a multitude of other curious phenomena, have been detected by the agency of vivarium; and, in short, there is no end to the revelations of the great mystery of life which may deduced from the future management of these schools of nature.

That animals may, by judicious selection of the parents and the perpetuation of accidental variations, be brought to an almost ideal perfection, is very well proved among our domestic animals, the finest races of which have all been produced since the time at which Bacon wrote—"by art likewise we make them greater or taller than their kind is:—" "Also we make them differ in color, shape, activity, many ways." The words might serve for the motto of the Smithfield Club.

Amsterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent, Marseilles, have followed the greater estab-

lishments of Paris and London, with similar though smaller results; and could the spirit of Bacon glide through their alleys green, it would luxuriate in the abundant materials for testing the practicability of his theories, which the modern extension of natural science has gathered together in the series thus presented to examination within the last thirty years. All these institutions, however, have addressed themselves to the typical illustration of principal forms or to mere exhibition rather than to reproduction and acclimatization. These practical results have in fact been so entirely lost sight of for ages, that the turkey in 1524, the musk duck in 1650, the gold pheasant in 1725, and the silver pheasant in 1740, are the only additions to our catalogue of domesticated animals since the Christian era.

Although the Zoological Society had among its primary objects the introduction and acclimatization of exotic animals both for ornament and use, the original scheme was frustrated or postponed by the force of circumstances or by errors in management. The farm at Kingston was abandoned several years ago; and with the exception of the introduction of the Sandwich Island goose, the ashy-headed goose, and a few other minor species of birds, nothing was done until 1852 or 1853, when the acclimatization of the eland, now considered a *fait accompli*, may be said to have commenced. Their next successful effort was the introduction of certain species of Himalayan pheasants in 1857; and as there is sufficient evidence of the favorable result of that experiment, it is probable that they will make efforts to complete it.

The peculiarly utilitarian impulse given to natural science in France, aided in no small degree by the report on certain questions relative to the naturalization of useful animals by M. Isidore Geoffrey St. Hilaire, published at the request of the Minister of Agriculture, gave birth to the Imperial Zoological *Société d'Acclimatation*, which has been so universally received and supported, that its muster roll is now perfectly cosmopolite, and includes already fourteen sovereigns, with working members in every country in Europe, and many beyond its limits. The activity which has affiliated half a dozen branch societies throughout the departments of France; the introduction of the yak, by M. Montigny; the acclimatization of two species of silk moth and the production of a fertile hybrid between

these species; and the introduction of the ig-name and the sorgho rapidly following each other, made the necessity of establishing a vivarium, specially adapted to the purposes of acclimatization, to contain a collection of acclimatized species, and to become a centre from which the operations of the society could be extended in every direction on a large and solid scale, so apparent, that at the end of the season of 1858, it was determined to carry out the scheme which had been foreseen and provided for from the foundation of the society. A section of the Bois de Boulogne, comprehending nearly forty acres of salubrious soil, has been appropriated by the city of Paris to the purposes of this vivarium and garden, and we may presume that all the appliances which experience and ingenuity can bring to bear upon the undertaking will be made available for its completion. The great defect of all existing vivaria is the total want of plan with which they have been commenced. Taking their origin in very small beginnings, buildings have been huddled together without any arrangement or without any consideration of the possibility of future development, so that at last when they have assumed larger proportions, every thing is in the wrong place. If Bacon had practically realized his Atlantic "trial place," he would have divided it into regions for each of the principal divisions of the animal kingdom as far as they were known to him; and in each region he would have had an arrangement complete in itself, forming part again of the harmonious whole. The projectors of the Paris Garden of Acclimatization have seen the error of their predecessors, and the different groups of insects, fish, birds, and mammalia, will be placed in an orderly sequence. Their series being limited to *acclimatizable* species of utility or ornament, is necessarily limited in extent, and will present great lacunæ, if erroneously looked at as a representation of the whole zoological system. But the principle of order even in this restricted application is infinitely more instructive to the public, as well as more convenient in management, than the miscellaneous chaos which assimilated the earlier zoological establishments to the wandering menageries that used to perambulate the country.

One of the most remarkable impressions created by a visit to our own well-stocked Zoological Garden is the wonderful capacity

of certain groups of animals individually natives of many climates, to adapt themselves to one which differs so essentially from any of their own. We have, for example, the Polynesian Sandwich Island goose, the Australian swan goose, the South African shieldrake, the East and West African spurwings, the South American chloephagæ, the North American summer duck, and the Chinese mandarin, all living side by side and most of them breeding there. In the little guidebook, drawn up by the late and present secretaries, we find a list of forty species of water-fowl, which seem to be subjected to nearly the same treatment, regardless of their origin. And large as is this list, it might, doubtless, be greatly increased. We have all the ostriches, the South American, Australian, Malasian, and African; we have the little Australian grass parrots, living with the Bengalee cop-aychus and the North American quail; the New Zealand flightless weka, by the side of the tiger bittern from Nicaragua; we have the Australian bower bird, and the Honduras turkey in the same aviary; we have the South American tapirs in the next box to the Nubian leucoryx and the South African elands. The great Wapiti deer of Canada adjoins the wilde-beeste on one side, and the Persian deer on the other; and *vis-à-vis* to the zebras lies the golden barasingha of Assam. The obvious conclusion from these facts is, that if properly treated in suitable localities, the greater part of the ruminants, gallinaceous birds, and water-fowl of the known world, may be as certainly acclimatized in Europe as the fallow-deer, the pheasant, the pea-fowl, and the turkey.

Let us take the deer for example. How many

"Miles of fertile ground,  
With wall and tower are girded round,"

in the deer parks of England? How many hundreds of thousands of acres are covered by the deer forests of Scotland? And in all this territory, with all this luxury of sporting domains, our great proprietors have but the red-deer, the fallow-deer, and the roe. We trust it may be said without excessive offence to our Highland friends, that the red-deer lives almost always under unnatural conditions in Scotland; compare a head of any age in Harris, or even the finest head in Blair Athol or Breadalbane, with a head of sixty-four points from the Odenwald, and you will see

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that in the woodlands of Central Europe, and thence eastward to the Carpathians, this noble beast is in his home. No one regrets having red-deer in Scotland, the western verge of their geographical limit, notwithstanding their reduced heads; and being content with such heads as we can grow there, why hesitate to add other species which might thrive at least as well and enhance the interest of the forest a hundred-fold?

The red-deer marches on the shores of the Black Sea with a grand stag of grayer color, with a longer skull, a whiter rump, and heavier horn, which probably extends through the mountains of Asia Minor, and certainly ranges along the Caucasus through Persia to the Valley of Kashmir, if not still further to Nipal. We are told in the "Guide to the Zoölogical Gardens," p. 48., that Sir John M'Neil brought the first living specimens of this splendid animal to England in the year 1841. But, it appears that his importation became extinct from accident or insufficient management, the last of the lot having died at Knowsley somewhere about 1849. These animals were brought from Persia with immense trouble and expense which might have been avoided; for during the Russian war their western limit was discovered, and the animals which the Zoölogical Society now possesses, were obtained from Circassia, and Mr. Burckhardt Barker has sent home a head from Cilicia. Admiral Dundas having given the old male and female to Lord Ducie, they remained for some time at Tortworth, where three fawns were produced, before his lordship gave them to the society. The oldest of this acclimatized stock have begun to breed in the Zoölogical Garden at Bristol, and there is therefore every prospect of a herd being rapidly established. At all events, the nearer approach of the species to Europe having been proved by the fact of its existing on the shore of the Black Sea, which was before unknown, there can be no insuperable difficulty as to future importations.

Eastward of the Persian Deer, Maral, Gookoohee, Hungul, or by whatever name it is known in the different provinces of its wide empire, we find the Shou, a mighty beast, who dwells in the forests of Thibet, and stretches perhaps through Northern China to the Kamschatkan Sea. So vast he is, that when the first spoils were brought to Mr. Hodgton at Katmandoo, he thought the Amer-

ican wapiti had crossed the Aleutian chain, and wandered into Central Asia. To transport a wild deer from the plateau of Thibet to Western Europe, seems endless work, but it is not impossible. Sir Jung Bahadoor, in his memorable journey to England nine years ago, was greatly interested by various visits to the Zoological Gardens—he went there on the very first day after his arrival in London—and he offered to present to the society any or all of the Nipalese animals which they chose to accept at the British residency in Katmandoo, including his great elephant, said to be the fastest and handsomest in Asia, with his mahout. The present financial position of the society is sufficiently flourishing to admit of their soliciting the renewal of this offer, which they then thought it prudent to decline.

In Nipal and in Assam is found the golden barasingha (*Cervus duvaucellii*), which is already breeding in the Regent's Park alongside the wapiti and hungul. There is a spirited woodcut after Wolf in the "Garden Guide," which gives a good idea of the head this noble species carries. While golden-colored deer are in our thoughts let us not forget that at the opposite side of the world, in Yucatan, or in the countries adjoining, there lives a deer nearly as large as the barasingha, of which the American Fur Company sometimes has skins: a golden deer as well, but redder—just as we see the orange sunset deeper than the pale gold of morning. This deer is doubtless of the North American form, without brow antlers (*Cariacus*), of which the half-dozen known species would establish themselves in Europe without the slightest difficulty, just as we may expect to see the South American *Blastocerus paludosus*, which extends from Buenos Ayres to Patagonia, propagated from the pair given to the Zoological Society by Mr. Christie, now her majesty's minister in Brazil, when he was plenipotentiary to the Argentine republic. A charming little hardy species this, which is singularly marked with a white circle round the eye. Cross the Andes and we have a roe as large as a fallow deer, the gemul of Molina, perhaps, although he called it *Equus visulcus*: this is a most desirable species, and graceful no doubt as our own. There is, also, the Tartarian roe, which, living in Siberia, would not lose by transplantation to the west. Out of forty-two species of deer, exclusive of the little mouse deer of tropical India, there is

scarcely one which would not adapt itself to our seasons.

The same may be said of many of the antelopes. The largest, the heaviest, and altogether the most useful, is the canna, or eland, and its congener the jingli-janga of the Gambia. The eland is the gibier *par excellence* of the South African wilderness; his brisket is "the dainty bit they set before the king." Every travelling sportsman in Caffraria agrees upon the fine quality of this meat, and a trial made in England in the beginning of last year, under very unfavorable circumstances, fully confirms all that they have said; for the eland is no longer exclusively African. In the catalogue of the animals living at Knowsley, when the late Earl of Derby died in 1851, figured five elands, two males and three females, one of which had been born there. The Zoological Society succeeded to this little herd by bequest. The noble collector had been their president for more than twenty years; he had witnessed the decline of the establishment in the Regent's Park to all but inanition in 1847 with regret, and had rejoiced in the subsequent resuscitation which the council in their last report have candidly and handsomely acknowledged to be due to the exertion and ability of their former secretary, Mr. Mitchell.\* Desirous of marking his sympathy with this improved management, Lord Derby directed that whatever group of animals should be considered most eligible, for the purpose of acclimatization, at the time of his death, should be transferred from the Knowsley collection in its entirety to the Society's possession. By the advice of Mr. Mitchell the elands were most judiciously chosen, and the result has justified all the expectations which he formed of them. The

\* These sheets were already in the hands of the printer when the deplorable event occurred which so painfully terminated the honorable and useful career of this gentleman. The services he had already rendered to natural history in England, he was about to continue on a more extended scale in France; and in a letter we received from him within a very few days of his untimely end, he assured us that the new Garden of Acclimatization in the Bois de Boulogne, which had been placed by the emperor of the French under his superintendence, would realize and surpass the fondest dreams of the naturalist. We owe it to the memory of Mr. Mitchell to state, that we have chiefly derived from himself whatever may be most worthy of notice in the pages now submitted to the reader, and that the present state of the science of the acclimatization of animals, to which this article is devoted, had no better or surer guide than his experience.



progress of this acclimatization, which is now perfected, is related in a short paper published in the *Bulletin de la Société Impériale d'Acclimatation*, and subsequently noticed in the report of the Society, read at their last anniversary. It appears, from the table given in this document, that up to the 29th of April last twenty eland calves had been produced in England from the Knowsley stock, independently of any which may have been obtained from three of the earliest born females, which were exported to the continent. If the whole number had been kept together up to this time, as was, we believe, the intention of Mr. Mitchell, the united herd would not count less than thirty head. With such a commencement it is clear that the progress of this interesting labor would have gone on much more rapidly, and that the next five years, instead of ten, would have made the eland not uncommon in our parks.

The merit of the first step towards the acclimatization of the eland in England is incontestably due to the late Lord Derby. More than twelve years ago his first importation arrived. They bred; but he unfortunately parted with a male. Accident reduced his stock to a single female, who remained barren. Nothing discouraged he recommenced, and in 1851 the animals, so soon transferred to the Zoological Society, arrived—the females in February, the males in July. They were young, and their first calf was not born until 1853—since then the work has proceeded with great success. Herds of this noble antelope have been founded at Hawkstone by Viscount Hill, at Taymouth by the Marquis of Breadalbane, and at Tatton by Lord Egerton. The stock of the Society is still strong and vigorous, and will, if well managed, continue to supply the nuclei of future home-bred herds—for which applications are constantly made—for years to come.

Lord Hill was the first to profit by the opportunity offered by the Society, and he has now no less than eight of these animals roaming in his deer park, after having slaughtered a six-year-old male for the table in January last. Though any thing but fat, this first essay of the quality of English eland venison satisfactorily corroborated the character unanimously given to it by African sportsmen, travellers, and colonists; the verdicts were taken in not a few gastronomic laboratories—royal, noble, and scientific—of which one only

dissented from the rest, evidently because the Archimagirus, prejudiced against the innovation, dried the succulent viand by bad roasting. *Le rotisseur est né.* Carême labored for a year in perpetual roasting, to complete his studies, after he was a good cook, notwithstanding that he had a natural gift for this peculiar branch of art. Professor Owen was the first to give public testimony to the value of the roasted eland in a letter to the *Times*, and it is only justice to Messrs. Staples to say here, that never was a dinner more sedulously cooked, or more moderately charged for, than that at which the professor subsequently presided at the Albion, to make a further and not less satisfactory essay on the qualities of the brisket *braisé*.

Nothing can be more stately than the eland, leading out his family along the lovely slopes at Hawkstone, where a great rocky ridge rises in the midst of the park, and stretches nearly through it, affording every variety of shelter. There the pale, tawny flanks of the antelope glisten in the morning light; infinitely surpassing the dun deer in color, while they rival them in grace, their great size makes them immediate objects of attention. Their clean, small legs, full of power, push them over hill and dale at a tremendous pace, and if an obstacle opposes, their faculty of leaping is almost incredible compared with their weight.

As an ornamental animal nothing can excel the eland except perhaps the koodoo, which under similar treatment might be acclimatized with equal certainty. As an addition to our economical resources, it appears to be in no way inferior. It combines extraordinary quantity of flesh with rapid growth, fecundity, and hardiness, in which it is not exceeded by our best short horns, which on the other hand very often fail to reproduce through excess of the fattening property, or from too closely related blood. It is not too much to expect that, in twenty years, eland venison will be at least an attainable article of food: and seeing the rapidity with which it arrives at maturity, its weight, and its capacity for feeding, it is quite possible that before the expiration of the century it may be removed from the category of animals of luxury to the more solid and useful list of the farm.

What has been proved in regard to the acclimatization of the eland may be predicated of the spring-bok, a lovely little antelope about



the size of the roe, which inhabits the eland country in countless thousands, is of most surpassing grace, and excellent as venison. Capt. Sir Cornwallis Harris gives a picturesque sketch of the spring-bok which we quote at second hand from the "Garden Guide," p. 59.

"Amongst the many striking novelties which present themselves to the eye of the traveller in Southern Africa, there are perhaps few objects more conspicuous or more beautiful than the dancing herds of graceful spring-boks, which speckle the broad plains of the interior, as well as some of the more remote districts of the Cape Colony. It not unfrequently happens, indeed, that the wide-stretching landscape literally offers no other object to rivet the attention—countless myriads of these interesting ornaments of the desert, which are apparently identical with the *Izebi* of the Hebrews, being scattered like flocks of sheep over the plains and valleys; abounding at times to such an incredible extent, that the whole face of the country, far as the eye can sweep, is absolutely white with their congregated multitudes.

"Matchless in the symmetry of its form, the spring-bok is measurelessly the most elegant and remarkable species of the comprehensive group to which it pertains. The dazzling contrast betwixt the lively cinnamon of its back, and the snowy whiteness of the lower parts, is agreeably heightened by the intensely rich chestnut bands which traverse the flanks—its dark, beaming eye, with its innocent and lamblike expression of face, and the showy folds of gossamer on the haunches—displayed or concealed at the animal's volition—combining to render it one of the most beautiful objects in the animal creation. As the traveller advances over the trackless expanse, hundreds of this delicately formed antelope bound away on either side of his path with meteor-like and sportive velocity, winging their birdlike flight by a quick succession of those singularly elastic leaps, which has given rise to its collonial appellation, and which enable it to surpass as well in swiftness as in grace almost every other mammiferous quadruped."

Among the most attractive objects at Knowsley was a little herd of Indian antelopes which subsequently passed into the possession of Lord Hill. As venison this creature has no pretension to compete with the spring-bok, but as an ornamental animal it is equal to any. When the Indian antelopes were let out into the paddock which adjoins their house, the old buck led off in a suc-

cession of bounds and generally landed himself in the middle of the space; after going attentively round, he slowly advanced until seeing some branch, or leaf, or blade of dried grass, even, which excited his distrust, he cleared it with a vault into the air which would have carried him over the highest fence in all the wide domain: one by one the herd followed him, and as they came up to the object, every one of them, down to the fawn of a week old, executed exactly the same *tour de force*, each according to its ability, and then came a general gallop—a wild career, round and round, until stopped by another caprice, the old buck pulled up with another high bound, and stood fixed like a statue.

There was a herd of spring-boks, too, in former days, of whose surpassing value the late Lord Derby was perfectly sensible. They began to breed in the most promising way, and it was his intention to have turned them out in the park, where they would doubtless have succeeded as well as roe-deer: but this design was suddenly cut short by an accidental panic which seized them while shut up in a small house during a thunderstorm. They were found in such a state of broken bones that nearly the whole herd died of their injuries, and an opportunity of recommencing the experiment did not occur in his lordship's lifetime. Sir George Grey has lately given a pair of spring-boks to the Zoölogical Society, and we earnestly recommend that no pains be spared to propagate this most charming little animal.

The contingencies which are so liable to happen when the stock of a new animal is limited in number, constitute one of the greatest obstacles in first attempts at acclimatization. A great collection was accumulated at Knowsley: it took five and twenty years to bring it to a useful state; and then when by great perseverance and expense the breeding stock of llamas, alpacas, zebras, deer, and antelopes of many species, had been got up to a head which in five years more would have made large and permanent results possible, the invalid possessor succumbed to increased ill-health, and died. The fiat for dispersion was pronounced, the whole work crumbled away, and nothing remains to mark the magnitude of his labors except the acclimatized elands and the two privately printed volumes, entitled "Gleanings in the Menagerie at Knowsley Hall," which contain but scanty

notices of a small though remarkable portion of the collection. With his life, the mechanism which had been prepared for future operations ceased like a watch unwound. His heir, whether fortunately for his country or not, had other tastes more usual in his station, and giving his great talents and resources to the leadership of a political party, he naturally felt little inclined to maintain the somewhat costly luxury of a family of fifteen hundred birds and beasts which were neither rabbit, hair, nor pheasant. In October, 1851, the elements of acclimatization which had been brought together at so vast an expense were dispersed, by a sale which produced some £8,000.

The menagerie at Knowsley was undoubtedly the largest private collection of modern times, and it is to be regretted that no accurate account of it has been preserved. When it is remembered that a hundred acres were devoted to it, with countless buildings, plain indeed, and almost unsightly, but of ample size, uncontrolled by any restrictions of a public nature, it will be seen that Knowsley possessed elements of success which can scarcely be reproduced until some one with equal means, equal enthusiasm, and more knowledge, takes up the subject. The most practical method is that which has been pursued with the elands and wapiti in England, and the yaks in France. If a hundred of our great proprietors would each give up the necessary space and money to cultivate a single species of no matter of how great or how little importance, the result in twenty years would infinitely surpass all that could ever have been done by so miscellaneous and comparatively unmanageable an assemblage as that marvellous accumulation of which we still speak with affection and regret.

Lord Derby had anticipated the Zoölogical Society with the great antelope, with many deer, antelopes, and bovines, of which many have never been possessed by the society to this day. But then he took extraordinary means; men were sent to Singapore, to India, to the Cape, to the Rocky Mountains, to Central America, to Norway, to Lapland, to Tunis. In Western Africa he had an annual expedition for some fifteen years, with very various results. Never discouraged by failure, wherever there was a prospect of extending the field of enterprise, funds were forthcoming, and many a collector not actually in

his service received liberal subsidies, to enable him to continue labors which would otherwise have been wholly unprofitable. That his liberality was abused is not to be wondered at; and he sometimes indulged in a gentle smile at the rapacity with which one of his regular purveyors continued to extort high prices for objects which he already possessed in duplicate, or for which no other person would have given half the amount.

As acclimatization is evidently a slow and somewhat tedious process, it is much to be admired that our neighbors across the channel have put it upon a sounder footing, and have not only instituted a powerful society to inaugurate the movement, but have advanced so far as to give practical effect to their seven years' literary preparation by subscribing a sufficient capital to found the establishment which we have already noticed, in the most favorable situation in the Bois de Boulogne. Here the first operations will be carried out on a scale of completeness which is intended to combine every thing that has been already achieved by preceding experience either in ancient or modern times. All that Bacon foreshadowed; all that Lord Derby longed for; all that the inherent desire to excel can lead the energetic people of France to anticipate or aspire to in a pursuit towards which popular attention is from day to day more forcibly attracted, will most probably be accomplished. Whether the large measure of success which the incentive of M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire has led them to aim at will be attained—whether the long interval to which the eland acclimatization has put a limit will be permanently broken down—whether or not new species will be annually added to our parks, to our farms, and to our poultry-yards, the attempt deserves the highest approbation and all the support it receives from the government and the municipalities of France. The nature of the establishment obviates all the uncertainty of private collections, and its specific object controls the caprice of board management: it affords more probability of success than we have hitherto seen in Zoölogical Gardens or in the "Menagerie d'Observation Zoölogique" attached to the Museum of Natural History.

The existing Zoölogical Gardens of Europe, with the exception of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, are the work of the present century. We have them springing up freely now:

Marseilles, Frankfort, Rotterdam, Berlin, Vienna, Amsterdam, Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp; and our own Hull, Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Dublin, and the society in the Regent's Park. The principal fault of the latter is the irreparable want of arrangement in the general plan, and the sacrifice of much of the useful to the purposes of mere exhibition. But it contains by far the largest collection in the world, admirably kept; and for many years past has been vigorously and efficiently managed. Its vicissitudes have been considerable. It commenced with unheard-of success, it became intensely the fashion; all Europe went there on Sundays, everybody canvassed for the "ivory-ticket," days in advance; and whoever had any pretensions to fashion, made himself agreeable by acquiring one or more to give away. This lasted for a certain time; but fashionable ardor cooled down, subscriptions were unpaid, many withdrew, many were foolishly removed, bad management of every kind ensued, and between 1840 and 1847 the income fell to half its amount, the collection dwindled, the Garden was neglected, and ruin became imminent. By degrees, however, from that great strait, things began to mend, but slowly. It is very easy to advance success, but to arrest downfall, when public favor is vitality, is ever difficult. Some sensible improvements were made, new relations were cultivated, sympathy was conciliated, people began to think the Society was not so bad as reported—and one morning in the spring of 1850, half a column appeared in the *Times*, by which its myriad readers learnt that a living hippopotamus had been presented to the Zoölogical Society by the Pasha of Egypt, through the Hon. Charles Murray, who was then consul-general at Cairo. The town was taken; all the world applied for a private view of Hippo's arrival, which being impossible, was, of course, much the more ardently sought for. From that hour the fortunes of the Zoölogical Society began to revive.

At length the hippopotamus—the first that had been seen in Europe since the Emperor Commodus slaughtered five of these huge animals in the Flavian Amphitheatre—reached our shores. The late accomplished secretary of the Society was wont to relate the event with all his characteristic spirit and enthusiasm. We shall endeavor to preserve the language in which he described it. On the 25th

of May, 1850, a traveller sitting on the quay at Southampton, as the "Ripon" steamed up to her berth, detected various strange sights on board of her. The most striking at first was an old, dirty, but statuesque Arab, eighty years old perhaps, looking calmly out of one of the ports; and in the next a young "Shitan" of the same race, not more than twelve years old, not ugly, but gifted with a flexibility of feature perfectly astounding. The *gamins* of Southampton saluted him with a cheer, which he politely reciprocated by a grimace, and then ensued an interchange of civilities which ended by Mohammed's producing from some fold in his ragged drapery a splendid cobra, hissing and spreading his hood to perfection. The boys knocked under to this royal reptile, and the son of Rasfa then reposed in triumph.

No sooner was this little episode ended than another Arab, a dark Nubian, Hamet Saafi el Canaana, protruded his head from the port, with an anxious, thoughtful, look, and recognizing some one at the traveller's side, saluted him with the usual Arab obeisance, and called out, smilingly—"All right, sir, will you see him?" and withdrew. Others were looking from the deck, and hurried congratulations were showered down upon this gentleman, who had quietly waited for the steamer's being berthed. The "traveller," the grandson of Sterne's inquisitive traveller, no doubt, followed him on board, and got down to between decks without being noticed. An inclosure had been built of boards in the centre under the hatchway, and through an aperture an iron tank some seven feet square was visible within it. Here floated the young Behemoth, not a year old, safe and hearty as if on the bosom of his ancestral Nile. Infinitely more pains had been taken about him than was bestowed on the importations to Rome, for one of the elements of success is never to throw a chance away, and all the prognostications in which the sceptical had indulged, vanished into thin air as Hippo put up his blunt nose and trumpeted a salutation to his Mentor. Hippo was soon high in the air in his house, slung on to the railway truck, which had been brought alongside to receive him; a special train was engaged; Hippo's retinue followed him; cows, goats, and Arabs, for he could not travel without his lactiferous commissariat or his servants; he took with him even his reserve of Nile water, and he took

with him a following of friends. In two hours every thing was ready for the start; the news of Behemoth's arrival had spread abroad, had run up the line like wild-fire, and all who could crowd into the docks and railway station thronged to see him—vain hope, they only saw a truck surmounted by the house, which, with the now abandoned tank, had been specially constructed for him at Southampton and sent out ready made to Alexandria. All that they saw, and many saw in faith and thankfulness, was the head of Hamet Sqafi el Canaana as he looked out through an opening in the canvas to breathe a fresher air than the interior of Hippo's truck afforded.

At this early period of his life Hippo would not suffer the absence of his favorite attendant for a moment without complaining, and he used to revenge himself in every possible and impossible way for any annoyance of this sort. Hamet was extremely patient, he had the prospect of a large "backshish" if Hippo arrived safe in London, and behaved with exemplary submission. One morning, however, during the voyage, either because such close confinement was insupportable, or because he could not resist a little gossip, or because his absence gave time to not ungrateful passengers to gaze their fill through the door which ought not to be open, Hamet absented himself some minutes beyond the time Hippo had been led by custom to believe was sufficient. Hippo tried all manner of plaintive cries, he tried all manner of violent summons, without effect, and then he was profoundly silent. Hamet thought his freedom was achieved, and then with the air of an emancipated serf he opened his wicket and descended to return to his tyrant—tyrant no longer, as he hoped. Hippo awaited him with a twinkle of his infant eye, that curious, prominent, versatile eye, which looks everywhere at once,—as he floated in the tank so as to command the interior of his house. Hamet, in his great fidelity, used to keep part of his wardrobe in an angle of the roof for convenience of making his toilet without annoying his charge by unnecessary absence. The bundle in which these choice vestments were secured had been pushed down by the revengeful infant, rubbed open with his blunt nose during that ominous silence, and finally left in such a state that neither Hamet, nor the son of Rafia, nor any other being, Mo-

hamedan or Christian, could ever don them again. Hamet is a well-conducted Mussulman and not given to indulging in profane language, but he addressed Hippo in terms of the strongest reprehension. Hippo twinkled his eye and shook his head, blew a little trumpet through his nostrils, and smiled in triumphant malevolence.

Hamet's propriety was greatly outraged at times by the wild conduct of the Arab boy who accompanied him. Mohammed el Rafia was an Alexandrian *gamin* of the first water. He understood backshish, perhaps interfered a little with Hamet therein, but was intensely addicted to mischief of every kind. He was overflowing with natural affection, and made it a condition before he came to England that he should have his aged uncle to take care of him. The old man thought Mohammed a wonderful boy, but admitted he was a frightful tyrant. At last, having exhausted all other accessible means of amusement, Mohammed's energy took a didactic turn. He asked for a monkey to educate. Mohammed's *metier* was the manipulation of cobras, after the practice of the tribe of Rafia, who have manipulated snakes since the days of the Pharaohs. He had done all that could be done with snakes, and he wanted a "distraction," so he asked for a monkey. A monkey was given to him. But the little brute did not adopt the method of Rarey, and many complaints were made of his cruelty. He asserted that the monkey had a bad disposition and required correction, that all bad dispositions required correction, and that he only gave as much as circumstances and his judgment justified. So far from being cruel, he insisted on taking the monkey to dinner with him. Then came the storm. The excellent keeper who had good-naturedly taken charge of the Arab mess, declared that it was no part of his duty to sit down with a quadrumane, although he admitted that Jacko was not more troublesome or more personally offensive than the boy, rather the reverse; but he did not know what the little wretch would do next, and so he would not have it. Then Hamet spoke. "The boy missed the *bastinado*:" and thereon made a formal request through the proper official that for the comfort of every one concerned, and for the benefit of the boy himself, he might be permitted to administer the wholesome and much desiderated correction "*pro re natâ*," or at least



twice a week. To this very sensible plan of amelioration English law presented an obstacle, and on Mohammed learning the defeat of Hamet his contrition vanished, and he forthwith evinced every intention of concentrated mischief. It was suggested to him, however, that not only would all backshish be stopped peremptorily, but that he would be sent back to Alexandria with his bare wages payable there, and an earnest recommendation to the chief *cadi* to bestow on him the arrears of *bastinado* to which he was so well entitled on arrival. This was effectual; his feet had lost their accustomed insensibility, the prospect was unpleasant, backshish was inviting, he had formed connubial views on the strength of it, so he gave up tormenting his pupil and led a life of some order ever after. Mohammed's manipulation of cobras, asps, and other venomous reptiles was cool to the last degree, and he was extremely disappointed at being denied the pleasure of extracting the fangs of the whole collection and passing them under weekly examination. The rattlesnakes and puff adders particularly engaged his affection, and he cast wistful glances at their lair every time he entered the Ophidarium.

But we must leave this characteristic group of strangers to pass to another—not, indeed, very widely separated from them. The society have not been very successful in the domestication of the largest species of monkeys. Three years is the longest duration of life yet attained by orang-utan or chimpanzee in the Zoological Gardens; an opprobrium which the management will not efface until a more rational method of board, lodging, and society is practised towards these painfully human “anthropoid apes.” Their fatherlands are humid, tropical forests, teeming with vegetation; they live in families, if not in larger communities, and the society of their kind is as necessary to them as it is to man. Conversation is indispensable to good spirits, and without good spirits there is no health. The life of a lonely chimpanzee or orang is little better than solitary confinement; how can they support it? Even two of them get tired of one another, and welcome a fresh face with enjoyment. The late secretary of the Zoological Society once repeated in our hearing the following passage of his many recollections:—

“One damp November evening, just before dusk, there arrived a French traveller from Senegal with a companion closely muffled up in a burnoose at his side. On going at his earnest request to speak to him at the gate, he communicated to me the interesting fact that the stranger in the burnoose was a young chim, who had resided in his family in Senegal for some twelve months, and who had accompanied him to England. The animal was in perfect health, but from the state of the atmosphere required good lodging and more tender care than could be found in an hotel. He proposed to sell his friend. I was hard; did not like pulmonic property at that period of the year, having already two of the race in moderate health, but could not refrain from an offer of hospitality during Chim's residence in London. Chim was to go to Paris if I did not buy him. So we carried him, burnoose and all, into the house where the lady chims were, and liberated him in the doorway. They had taken tea and were beginning to think of their early couch. When the Senegal Adonis caught sight of them he assumed a jaunty air and advanced with politeness, as if to offer them the last news from Africa. A yell of surprise burst from each chimpanzella as they successively recognized the unexpected arrival. One would have supposed that all the billingsgate of chimpanzeedom rolled from the voluble tongues of these unsophisticated and hitherto unimpressible young ladies; but probably their gesticulations, their shrill exclamations, their shrinkings, their threats, were but well-mannered expressions of welcome to a countryman thus abruptly revealed in the foreign land of their captivity. Sir Chim advanced undaunted, and with the composure of a high caste pongo: if he had had a hat he would have doffed it incontinently, as it was he only slid out of his burnoose and ascended into the apartment which adjoined his countrywomen, with agile grace; and then, through the transparent separation, he took a closer view. Juliana yelled afresh. Paquita crossed her hands and sat silently with face about three-quarters averted. Sir Chim uttered what may have been a tranquillizing phrase, expressive of the great happiness he felt on thus being suddenly restored to the presence of kinswomen in the moment of his deepest bereavement. Juliana calmed. Paquita diminished her angle of aversion, and then Sir Chim, advancing quite close to the division, began what appeared to be a recollection of a minuet. He executed marvellous gestures with a precision and *aplomb* which were quite enchanting, and when at last he broke out into a quick movement with loud, smacking stamps, the ladies were completely carried away and gave him all attentio



Friendship was established, refreshments were served, notwithstanding the previous tea, and everybody was apparently satisfied, especially the stranger. Upon asking the Senegal proprietor what the dance meant, he told me that the animal had voluntarily taken to that imitation of his slaves, who used to dance every evening in the courtyard."

A chimpanzee who was for a short time placed in the society of the children of his owner in this country, not only throve in an extraordinary manner, was perfectly docile and good-tempered, but learned to imitate them. When the eldest little boy wished to tease his playfellow, he used, childlike, to make faces at it. Chim soon outdid him, and one of the funniest things imaginable was to see him blown at and blowing in return; his protrusible lips converted themselves into a trumpet-shaped instrument, which reminded one immediately of some of the devils of Albert Dürer, or those incredible forms which the old painters used to delight in piling together in their temptations of St. Anthony.

The course to be taken with these curious creatures is very clear. The Zoölogical Society ought to import a family. Father, mother, and children, would perhaps be difficult; but at all events, a society of five or six. They ought to live in a house specially constructed to reproduce the conditions of a tropical forest; they ought to have a good-tempered negro attendant or two, and to be under the special direction of an intelligent guardian, who would attend to their dispositions, wants, and indications of health or disease with unceasing watchfulness. If, as is almost certain, this simple, but perhaps rather costly method succeeded, we should have the chimpanzee civilized by contact with humanity, and his intellect developed to maturity; with what results it might be interesting to speculate.

The oldest chimpanzee ever seen in Europe did not probably exceed nine years, and as she was alone, fell sick and died in the usual way, without having exhibited any marked advance over her predecessors. The animal who died in the Jardin des Plantes in 1854, was probably about five years old, and although of large size, must still be considered as an infant. For we know from the condition of the skulls which have formed the basis of Professor Owen's elaborate papers on the anatomy of the anthropoid apes, that the adult chimpanzee acquires a solidity of denti-

tion and general development which these younger animals were far from having attained.

Who shall write the history of Jacko? The strange, eccentric lower world of Jacko, who follows the great gorilla, chimpanzee, and oranges; "*longo proximus Hylobates, sed proximus intervallo*"—with his artful face, his lithe and agile limbs, his ingenuity, his strong attachments, and his hates. We must leave him—Jacko demands an article to himself. Jacko and his resemblances. "My poor relations," said the poet Rogers, "let me say good-by to my poor relations," and he always ended his visit to the Zoölogical Gardens by a call at the monkey house.

One of the earliest successes of the Zoölogical Society, was the importation of giraffes in 1836. They have increased and multiplied very regularly with the help of a little new blood in 1850, and nine fawns have been produced without any casualty, except in the first instance, when bad judgment and over anxiety interfered with the course of nature, and killed the first-born. If any one felt disposed to indulge in the luxury, there is nothing to prevent a park in the south of Europe being adorned by a herd of giraffes during the summer; and even in England they might be at large from the 20th of June to the 20th of September. They would browse the trees to an awful height with their long sickle-like tongues, but that could be afforded, for the pleasure of seeing their long, birdlike heads towering above the foliage of ordinary saplings. Dr. Smith, in his wanderings in South Africa, once came upon an oasis in the wilderness, surrounding a water hole, and thought that he descried a flock of some new species of bird perched upon the summit of the trees. Upon stalking as well as he could, the birds descended with a most unbird-like drop, out of sight, and upon getting up, he found that he was within shot of a stately herd of giraffes, and so tall, that their long heads carried horizontally among the trees, seemed to be resting on them.

Must we not say a word of the aurochs? *Bison urus*, the contemporary of the mammoth, who still lingers in the Imperial Forest of Bielowiez, a thousand strong, but kept in safety only by the strictest forest law in the world, which makes the unauthorized slaughter of an auroch punishable with death. *Bison urus* is osteologically identical with the bison

remains of the mammoth caves, and carries us back to the palæontologic period of European history. The late emperor of Russia, against his own prognostications of the consequences, yielded to the request of his friend Sir Roderick Murchison, and in 1849 sent to the Zoölogical Society a pair of these interesting animals. They lived very well for a time, and seemed to have become perfectly settled in the contracted space which was given up to them in the Regent's Park; and perhaps they would have gone on and thriven, had not Pleuroneumonia, the cattle scourge, which then raged from one end of England to the other, swept them both off within a week of each other. The bull was growing rapidly, and promised to rival the fine American bison, which perished from the same disease with its mate and calf but a few weeks previously, when, after a gallop, he was observed one fine September morning to heave his flank convulsively—within four days he was dead. That, however, proves nothing against the possibility of breeding aurochs in England; for although the American bison succumbed to the same malady, we know from Lord Breadalbane's success at Taymouth, that this closely allied species lives well in Scotland.

A large number of animals whose very names are scarcely known to our readers would remain to be noticed, if we aspired to complete the catalogue of those creatures which have been successfully reproduced and reared in this country; but for these details we must refer to the works before us, and we pass to the birds.

Among the acclimatizable birds which have appeared in our Zoölogical Gardens, the mound-raising genera are altogether the most singular and interesting. The two characteristics which strike most naturally upon popular observation, as distinguishing the class of birds, are undoubtedly the possession of wings wherewith to fly, and the deposition of eggs which they hatch. Latter days have given us the all but *wingless* apteryx, and not only the talegalla or brush turkey, but a whole group of rasorial birds, which abjure the process of hatching, and construct artificial eccleobions which they manipulate with the skill and regularity of Cantel himself.

The fact of the talegalla's really constructing a mound in which the partial decomposition of vegetable matter generates a sufficient

temperature to hatch out the eggs, was first published, we believe, by Mr. Gould, in his splendid folio work on the birds of Australia. The correctness of all his statements was fully maintained by subsequent experience in the Zoölogical Gardens, where a bird is still living which actually so produced with others in the year. The father of this bird is also living, and it is therefore evident that the species is long lived, and perfectly capable of enduring our climate: when we add that the female talegalla lays at least ten eggs, and that the bird is admitted to be an excellent roast, we have certainly an addition to our poultry-yard, which it is worth some pains to obtain and acclimatize. Talegallas are getting scarce in Australia. The Zoölogical Society should send an expedition for twenty pairs, and resort to their old establishment at Kingston, or some similarly favorable spot under the vale of Richmond Park, and reconstruct a breeding establishment in healthy or on sandy soil, far from the dank clay on which they are compelled to expiate the mistake of their founders in the Regent's Park. Here in a large enclosure, where their health would be perfect, the talegalla might be persuaded to make their mound under a glass roof to protect it from excessive rain, its only want, and nature would do the rest. There is nothing to prevent the successful use of the hatching machine, if the eggs are taken in time, but it is probable that any interference with the mound would prevent the continuance of the lay. Their propensity to make a mound is so strong, that every little bit of material within reach is kicked back daily into the corner selected for the structure, and as soon as it has assumed sufficient dimensions, the male begins to attend to its temperature, and model its summit into the proper form for receiving the eggs. Every morning after this period he is restless and uneasy, until the egg is placed in the hollow, and when his mate absents herself, he drives her to the spot, as if he was fearful she should neglect her duty or commit the folly of depositing her egg in the wrong place. The eggs are arranged in a circle perpendicularly, the smaller end downwards; not consecutively, but at different points in the first instance; the intervals between which are filled in afterwards. The eggs are uncovered every morning about nine o'clock, and if the temperature is too high, are left exposed. They are then again cov-

ered with a thickness of vegetable matter, according to the heat required, and at all times a cylindrical opening is preserved in this mass, which acts as a chimney to carry off gases, and secures a circulation of a sufficient quantity of air around the stratum of eggs. In about a month from the deposition of the egg, the young bird is matured: he steps out of it like Pallas, armed with feathers and ready to fly; but he does not quit the mound; he remains warmly embedded there, to the great joy of the male, who visits him often, and at night covers him up as closely as if still unhatched. The next day the young talegalla emerges, strong and lusty, with immensely developed feet, with his quill feathers bursting from the sheath, and feeding himself heartily. On the third day he flies like a partridge. The surprising story here given in epitome, was enacted under the daily observation of many persons; and if it has not been again successfully repeated, it is only because a sufficient supply of birds has not been obtained from Australia, to compensate for the casualties which are inevitable to a limited number.

Besides the talegalla, the society has had a pair of Mallee birds (*Leipoa ocellata*) from South Australia, and a pair of malcos from the Indian Archipelago, both of which, as well as the whole genus *Megapodius*, have the same singular habit. The lipoas and malcos were never in sufficiently strong health to indulge their instincts, and the mound-hatching phenomenon has hitherto only been exhibited by the brush turkeys—as the talegalla is erroneously called by the colonists.

There is a curious little bit of systematic absurdity in the literary history of the talegalla, which is instructive to the theoretic student of natural history, to show him how utterly useless all his museum work must be, if not supported by continual reference to the living book of nature. Because the talegalla had a bare head and rather straight claws, was black in color, with some brilliant skin about the neck region, he was pronounced to be an excellent vulture by a theorist who lacked a "type" to fill a vacancy in some triangular, circular, or oval scheme, into which he had firmly convinced himself all nature, and every group of animals in nature, resolved themselves. The bare head of the talegalla is extremely convenient for plunging into the decaying leaves of the mounds, the bristly

hairs which protect it throw off all impurity and moisture much better than feathers would do, and the strong, straight claws and gigantic feet are not intended to deal with carrion, but are most exquisitely adapted for kicking up the grass, leaves, and earth, which he has to throw from long distances to the central mound. The mystery which is so simply resolved by observation, could never have been divined in a gallery of skins, and the enthusiast's mistake might be readily pardoned if he had not endeavored to cram his theory down his unhappy reader's throat at the point of the pen.

In the list of gallinaceous birds published by the Prince Charles Bonaparte in the "Comptes Rendus,"\* are enumerated three hundred and forty-six species. Of these we may take two hundred and thirty to be inhabitants of sufficiently temperate regions to admit of their being more or less acclimatized in Europe. They are universally eatable, prolific, and susceptible of confinement.

Out of all this important order, how many have been made available by domestication?

1. The domestic fowl, whose origin, says M. Marion-Didiorex, is lost in the night of antiquity. 2. The peacock. 3. The guinea fowl. 4. The pheasant. 5. The golden pheasant. 6. The silver pheasant. 7. The ring-necked pheasant; all "Old World" species. 8. The turkey, sole domesticated product of the New World.

Two thousand years have but doubled the four birds enjoyed by the ancients. We now at last begin to treat this curious question seriously, and at the very outset we find, with the imperfect machinery of the Zoölogical Society, the Impeyan pheasant, the cheer, and three species of kaluge have been brought from the Himalaya, and are in a fair way of being as permanently added to our hitherto circumscribed list, as are the golden and silver pheasants and the turkey. The treatment which secures five of the Himalayan species, naturally indicates the path by which all the inhabitants of that range from the snow line down to the hot plains may be brought within our reach; and if we do not within ten years place the ceriornis, the pueras, the lerwa, the ithaginis, and all the tetraogalli on our tables, it will be only because the proprietors of our parks and forests do not feel disposed to set

\* Académie des Sciences, vol. xlii. (May 12th, 1866.)

apart a little of their annual game expenditure in cultivating new species.

The pheasant is a splendid bird, but he is the least splendid of his kindred. The green pheasant of Japan, already in England, the yellow-flanked ring-neck of China, already in England, the red-flanked ring-neck of Mongolia, the copper pheasant of Japan, and the very long-tailed pheasant of Cochin China, which Mr. Reeves brought home in 1833, are all of beauty still more surpassing. When we go to the rocky gorges of the Himalaya, what a galaxy of glorious color we find in the monal, in the ceriornis, in the ithaginis—what grace in the pueras, what exquisite pencilling in the snow-partridges, what endless variety of ornamentation in the Satyræ and Lophophon species, which people that vast girdle of mountain land which stretches from Ladak to China. All these birds will live with us, when suitably treated in suitable localities; and although so laborious a work, exposed to so many contingencies, requires a certain extent of time for its accomplishment, it is clear from the experiment of the Zoölogical Society (for which, imperfect as it is, they deserve the utmost credit) that the whole is practically certain of success.

The "water birds" of old Bewick is not a bad division, though ignored by systematists who delight in gallatorial and natatorial refinements. "Water birds" are water-loving birds, and "land birds" are land-loving birds, with various intensities of affection. It is difficult to see how the water-loving avocet, with his webbed feet, is not a "water-bird;" and the godwit, which scarcely ever leaves the shore; and the moor-hen, which swims either above or below the surface with equal velocity. However, the water birds *par excellence*—the ducks, geese, and swans, are not less capable of confinement and domestication, than the game birds. They are excellent on table, when they feed agreeably; they breed freely, and are almost invariably graceful and hardy.

The swans are cosmopolite, ranging from the far countries of America to Cape Horn, from Spitzbergen to Australia. The inverted nature of every thing in Australia is borne out by its production of the impossible "cygnus niger," which is not only on that account the most remarkable of swans, but which also happens to be the most prolific. A well-known amateur at Carshalton has had three broods of black swans within twelve months,

from the same pair of birds, on the waters of the troutful Wandle; and considering that the cygnets are worth at least ten pounds a pair, he has made a very fair interest of his money. The black-necked swan of South America acclimatized by the Zoölogical Society, is a still more attractive species, compact in size, brilliant in the contrast of velvet black and snowy white, with a ravishing touch of coral in the bill. The old birds and their downy young are admirably given by Mr. Wolf in "the zoölogical sketches," sailing tranquilly under the green foliage which overhangs their water in the Regent's Park. The sense of security, which water birds appear to make a *sine quâ non* before they betake themselves to family cares, came but slowly to the black-necked swans. It appears from the short note by Mr. Mitchell accompanying Mr. Wolf's drawing, that the old birds were brought to the gardens from Lord Derby's collection at Knowsley in 1851, but evinced no disposition to breed before 1856, and only bred their first young in 1857.

We happened to be whiling away an hour one autumn day in the park, meditating on the delight with which Bacon would have wandered in that "tryal place of birds and beasts," and had not long left these very swans; they were four in number then, when the distraught aspect of a keeper, looking anxiously towards the sky, attracted our attention. A black-necked swan was on the wing; making large, hilarious circles in the air. She had just discovered she could fly; for four years and more she had been earth-bound by cruel shears, and now she *flew*. Higher and higher she mounted as if she yearned for the Atlantic; the man was stricken with shame; it was his duty to have clipped her quills; he had imprudently left her when he cut the others, because they were not sufficiently advanced, and he was ordered not to make them bleed. The moment of suspense was overpowering, but the force of habit and domestic ties prevailed; the *cygnus nigricollis* thought better of it, and having by this time alarmed everybody, she wheeled down in a few gyrations, and to the joy of her beloved, and amidst the congratulations of her cousins, she descended once more into the bosom of her greenery. The keeper heaved a sigh of relief, and before we left the garden, had succeeded in capturing the runaway, and made future aerial exploits impossible for a



twelvemonth. The flight is beautiful, and when near the earth, the sparkling black and white gives peculiar interest to the bird. Certainly the palm of beauty among swans goes to the black-necked.

Swans are subject to great irregularities of temper. Every one who has approached a patriarchal swan and his family in their downy state, knows with what a surge he rushes through the water, dashing it aside from his brawny breast, charges the shore, and comes headlong on with every feather quivering to show fight for mother and children. Nothing calms him so effectively as an open umbrella. He is puzzled at first, then gets a sense of his having made himself ridiculous and stands still.

There is a legend in Ireland, that a pair of black Australian swans were put by one of the Earls of Shannon on a piece of water previously occupied by a pair of the common white bird. They lived a wretched life,—the ladies disagreed, the males looked sulkily at one another, but somehow never came to actual blows, until one fine morning the lady Australian died suddenly. Whether her mate thought she had had foul play or not does not appear. Whether she had discovered his infidelity and died of grief, does not appear; but it is certain, that as soon as this sad event took place, the Australian "black fellow" concentrated his pent-up rage, sailed straight to the haunt of his white enemy, and without a moment's parley, made a furious onslaught on him, in presence of the scared object of his affections. Knights in the tournament field never fought more bravely for the scarf of the Queen of Beauty, than the swarthy bird of the antipodes and the snow-white cygnus of Erin. Long and bloody was the fight, but fury, revenge, and mad desire gave supercynian vigor to the bereft; and faintly, slowly, feebly struggling to the last, the vanquished fell gurgling, sinking, drowning into the depths of the blue lake, held down by the firm, resistless grasp of the oppressor. And then upon the bosom of the water remained the two—the black victor, small, strong, shivering with the intensity of the struggle—and the white widow. There was a pause—a pause not long but significant. In the next year there floated on that lake a brood of cygnets partly black and partly white, which must have much resembled the Chilian birds—and one of them, we think, is still to be

seen in the gallery of the Royal Society at Dublin.

Between the swans and geese there is exactly this transition in the black and white swan-goose (*anserinus melanoleuca*) of Australia which is living in the Zoölogical Gardens. It is said that this curious bird, which bears confinement extremely well, has recently bred in Sydney, and we shall therefore be able to add it to the musk-duck in our poultry-yard at no very distant period. A bean goose of the first year from the old fenny district of Lincolnshire, now rich in agricultural produce, is a bird worth record; and a tender brent is far from uneatable. All these grass-feeding brents must be good, and there is a fair array of them, about a dozen species at the least, from temperate regions, and therefore acclimatizable. The prettiest of them all is the red-breasted goose (*B. ruficollis*), which breeds in Northern Asia, and now and then wanders to England. The only living bird we ever saw, is in the Zoölogical Society's collection, and we believe they obtained it from Holland. In the vivaria of the last century, in which the Dutch delighted, the red-breasted goose was more frequent, as it occurs in several of the Menagerie Pictures painted from Prince Maurice's collection and others. Some years ago, eight of these birds were brought to a poulterer in Amsterdam, who knowing nothing about species and only looking at roasting qualities, immediately plucked them and sent them out as ordinary brents to his customers, having previously cheapened them of his chasseur, because they were not the real article. This bird is so rare in museums, that a good skin is worth at least ten pounds. The brents of South America are particularly attractive. The upland goose is as pretty a bird as can be seen: ganders effulgent in snowy whiteness, gray barred on the back; goose bright ruddy chestnut, beautifully crossed with black upon her back with golden legs, while he modestly walks on sable stilts. The "ashy-headed goose," figured erroneously in the zoölogical sketches as *Bernicla Magellanica*, is not less beautiful, but preserves the normal character of the genus in the similarity of male and female. The admirable drawing of Wolf is so truthful, that one cannot but desire to see the whole of the Society's catalogue illustrated by his hand. The black-necked swans, and the three noble falcons of Iceland,

Greenland, and Cilicia, *islandicus*, *grælandicus*, and *sacer*, are pictures which ought to be in the studio of every lover of the science. This artist has a singular perception of bird-life; not even Landseer approaches him in accurate delineation of habit and character. Want of execution alone prevents him from taking a place of the highest rank, and he is still young enough to attain it.

Wolf's earliest published work of importance issued from the house of Ainz, in Leyden. Holland has ever been among the foremost in cultivating natural science, and the noble collection at Leyden, and the monuments made by the professors of the university, are ample proofs of it. The old love of animals which naturalized the Curassows, and which gathered together the Vivaria, to which we have passively alluded, has re-awakened latterly in the Society Natura Artis Magistra, at Amsterdam, who have the credit of possessing a collection which equals that at Antwerp, and is not very far inferior to our own in the Regent's Park. The glory of Amsterdam is the great salamander, *Sieboldia maxima*, which has lived there for many years, and luxuriating in an ample fish diet, has now attained extraordinary dimensions. This curious Batrachia was discovered in the lava pools of Nippon, and bears an extreme degree of cold with impunity: a startling contrast to the tradition of the fiery salamander girded round with a belt of flame. The inhabitants of London are still ignorant of the big-mouthed salamander of Nippon, who lives in water instead of fire, and devours a shoal of barbel per diem, instead of preying on his own extremities. Among the other rarities of this collection is a unique specimen of the Sumatran elephant, a young female, presented to the society by one of their colleagues settled in the Archipelago. To the profane eye she differs but little, if at all, from the Indian species, and one has to go to the great storehouse of zoological lore at Leyden, to compare anatomical differences: as did the Prince Charles Bonaparte, to comprehend the true

essential characters on which their distinction depends.

What are genera? what are species? Mr. G. R. Gray has written a very dry book on the genera of birds. M. Wagler, long ago, wrote his "Species Avium." Prince Charles Bonaparte's last work of love was his "Conspexus Avium." And Mr. Darwin has just thrown the scientific world into unwonted excitement, by the boldness of his speculations on the origin of species and the struggle for life. It is possible that the theory of certain naturalists may be true, that if we saw the whole scheme of nature in a complete series, we should find such a gradual transition from form to form, that we should recognize at once the unity of plan, on which the great Architect of the universe has framed the mystery of LIFE. For ourselves, we are content humbly to note the curious facts, which constant study of the lower animals presents from day to day, in the faint hope that hereafter some master-mind may come, who will reduce the scattered labors of many into some harmonious, useful conclusion, and clearly resolve this question. We find that certain animals are capable of radical ameliorations of form, that color can be modified as well as form, and that a creature can by judicious management be produced to pattern within the limits of his genus and species rightly defined. Hitherto this art has been confined to the domesticated animals; but we have already seen that domestication, after at least six thousand years, is in its infancy, and we do not know to what extent the principle demonstrated in the construction—we deliberately say *construction*—of the Short Horn, the Southdown, the Berkshire hog, the grayhound, and the sea-bright bantams, may not be carried. It is certain, that between many forms apparently distinct there are connecting links which go far to break down the arbitrary divisions which systematic writers have sought to establish, and we shall shortly have occasion to revert more fully to this interesting part of the subject.

WITH grave and doubting looks the people in the streets asked each other if it would really be? In twos and threes, and small, distinct groups, they conversed in low tones, glancing anxiously now towards St. James', now in the direction of Whitehall. No crowd was collected, no circulation stopped. Ere a knot of persons, gathering like a snowball, could exceed a score, they found themselves insensibly dispersed and moving on. Compact bodies of soldiers, horse and foot, paraded to and fro in all directions, whilst St. James' Park was lined with a double row of musketeers, in review order, their drums beating, their colors flying, and their ranks opened. Officers and men wore a grave, determined air; there was little of triumph, much of sorrow, in their honest English faces. The day had broken gloomily enough—not a ray of unshine lighted the lowering sky. The wind swept up the streets, and across the open Mall, in moaning, fitful gusts, and it was bitter cold. Masons had been knocking and scraping all night long at the wall of the banqueting-house in Whitehall, and carpenters in paper caps had concluded their work in front of the king's palace. The multitude looked up at that solemn fabric which a dull, stupefied air. It was the scaffold.

One man amongst the crowd in St. James' Park, habited in the dress of a plain country gentleman, and muffled in a sombre-colored cloak, was recognized by several of the officers and men on duty. They would have accosted him, but he shunned all their greetings, and exchanged not a word with any of them. His countenance bore the impress of a deep sadness and contrition, his very gait was that of one who is bowed down by sorrow and remorse. Though he had thrown up his part, George Effingham had come to see the end of the tragedy played out.

The moments seemed to move like lead to the expectant thousands, perhaps to One they passed more swiftly, perhaps even he could have wished the agony of expectation were over at last.

Many a false alarm, many a stir about St. James', caused every head to turn in that di-

rection; but the drums beat up at last, the colors flew out once more, the long line of soldiers brought their firelocks to the "shoulder," and in the open space between their ranks a small group of persons moved slowly, solemnly, steadily towards the place of doom.

The good bishop on his right hand trembled like a leaf. Herbert's face was blanched and swollen with weeping; even the parliamentary colonel who attended him, drilled soldier though he was, marched not with so firm a step as He.

Ay, look at him well, George Effingham; you have not been so near him since he reviewed your squadron, on the eve of Newbury; was his eye brighter, his mien more stately when he sat on his charger, in mail and plate, before your drawn swords, than it is now? Look at him well; would you ever have deserted his service had you thought it would come to this?

As the king passed on, the musketeers on either side wheeled up behind him, closing in their ranks and forming an impassable barrier to the multitude in the rear. By favor of a stalwart sergeant who had served in his own stand of pikes at Naseby, Effingham was permitted to advance with this unbroken column. An inexpressible fascination compelled him to see out the end of that which his very soul abhorred.

On arriving at Whitehall, his majesty passed along the galleries to his bed-chamber, where he halted for a while to take a short interval of repose. Here he was served with a morsel of bread and a goblet of claret wine, upon a silver salver. Charles broke off a corner of the manchet and drank from the cup. Herbert, meanwhile, gave to the bishop a white satin cap which he had in readiness for his master, he could not endure to see him under the axe of the executioner.

It was now time. Colonel Hacker, who was in attendance, and on whose stern nature the patience and dignity of the royal sufferer had made no slight impression, knocked respectfully at the chamber door. It was the signal of leave-taking. Herbert and the bishop sank on their knees before their sovereign,

covering his hand with kisses. The latter, old and infirm, bowed down morcover with excessive grief, had scarcely strength to rise again. Gentle and kindly to the last, Charles helped the prelate up with his own hand. He bade the door be opened, and followed the colonel out with the free step and the majestic bearing of an English king.

The galleries and banquetting-house were lined with soldiers. Firm and unwavering, they stood upon their posts, but those warlike faces bore an expression of unusual dejection; glances of pity, changing fast to admiration and even reverence, were cast upon the king from under their steel headpieces, and the duty was evidently little to the minds of those frank, bold men. They had confronted him in battle, they had fought him, and beaten him, and reviled him, but they had never thought it was to end like this!

Men and women crowded in behind them, peering and peeping under their elbows and between their heads at the doomed monarch. Fervent expressions of loyalty and good-will greeted him from these by-standers — expressions not rebuked, nay, sometimes even echoed by the very guards who kept them back.

"God bless your majesty!" exclaimed George Effingham, in loud, fearless tones, baring his head at the same time with studied reverence.

The blessing was caught up and repeated by many a broken voice, and the king, returning the salutation, looked his old officer kindly and steadily in the face. Whether he recognized him or not, George was the happier for that glance during his lifetime.

He would fain have remained near him now, would fain have done him homage and returned to his allegiance even at the block, but the press became more and more resistless, and he was swept away by the crowd to a distance from which he could with difficulty watch the last actions and catch the last words of the king against whom he had rebelled.

He saw him emerge upon the fatal platform with the same dignified bearing, the same firm step. He saw him expostulate for an instant with those around him as he asked for a higher block, that he might not stoop lower than became a Stuart even in his death.

He could see, though he could not hear, that the king was speaking with animated gestures in vindication of his conduct throughout the war; but the royal voice rose audibly with the last sentence it ever spoke on earth, and every syllable struck loud and distinct as a trumpet-blast, while it declared in the face of earth and heaven, —

"I have a good cause — I have a gracious God, and I will say no more!"

Had Effingham lived to a hundred, he could never have forgotten the picture that was then stamped indelibly on his brain. For many a year after he never shut his eyes that it did not present itself in all the firm strokes and glowing colors of reality. The sea of white faces upturned and horror bound, as the face of one man — the spars and props of the scaffold — the little groups that broke its level line — the sparrow that flitted across his vision and diverted his eye and his thoughts for an instant even then — the bishop's white rochet and the parliamentary colonel's burnished helmet — the masked headsmen's gigantic figure and clean, sharp outline of the axe — the satin doublet and the veiled head bowed down upon the block — the outstretched hand that gave the signal —

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Effingham was a brave, stout soldier, but he grew sick and faint, and turned his eyes away. A hollow groan, more terrible, more ominous in its stifled earnestness, than the loudest shout that ever shook the heavens, told how Charles the First had been beheaded, and the reaction that placed Charles the Second on the throne had already commenced. And one more scene closed the eventful drama. The faithful servants who had attended him to the threshold of eternity, did not desert his mortal remains when he had passed its portal. The parliament was memorialized and petitioned till that body, already startled at what it had done, gave permission for his burial. The decency and respect that had too often been refused the living monarch were not denied to his senseless corpse. It was brought from St. James' to Windsor in a hearse with six horses, like that of any private gentleman, and attended by four mourning coaches, and the remnant of



his majesty's household. The service for the burial of the dead appointed by the Church of England, was not permitted to be read; but good Bishop Juxon, stanch to his post even when all was lost, stood ready with the prayer-book in his hand to have used the prescribed ritual. In a vault at Windsor Castle — his own old Windsor — amongst his kingly ancestors, he was laid in his last resting-place. A few high-born Cavaliers chose the spot for his burial; a few devoted servants attended the obsequies of the master whom they loved. He lay, like a true knight, in St. George's Hall, with the banners of the

noblest order of chivalry waving over him, and the winter sunbeams struggling through the emblazoned windows to gild his rest. When they carried him thence to the vault wherein he was to lie, the sky that had been bright and serene clouded over; a heavy storm of snow came on, and fell so fast that it covered coffin and hangings and pall with a pure and spotless robe — fit emblem of his innocence who slept so sound beneath.

The mourners looked significantly in each other's faces, and so they bore the white king reverently to his grave.

## CHAPTER XLIII.—A GRIM PENITENT.

It is never too late to make reparation for evil, and George Effingham, although he had put it off till the eleventh hour, felt a stern satisfaction in remembering that he had thrown up his appointment on the king's condemnation, and that he at least was guiltless of Charles Stuart's death.

His case was not unlike that of other powerful champions of his party. Many a grim Puritan, though prepared to resist with the strong hand and to the death all assumption of irresponsible power, all aggressive interference on the part of the crown, shrank with horror from so desperate a measure as the sentence of his sovereign to a criminal's death upon the scaffold, turned away with disgust from those who had completed the ghastly work when it was over. The very men who had fronted him so boldly in battle entertained a certain respect for the brave antagonist they had defeated, and the soldier-like feeling with which years of warfare had saturated their English hearts, especially revolted from the slaughter in cold blood of a vanquished foe. Fairfax himself — "*the general*," as he was then termed *par excellence* by his party, and supposed at that juncture to be the most powerful man in England — was not aware of the execution till it was over; but Fairfax could not have stopped it even had he known in time, for with all his *prestige* and all his popularity the man of destiny was twice as powerful as he. The deed was now fairly done, and Effingham, shocked, repentant, and sick at heart, resolved to bear arms no more.

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It is a serious matter for a man of middle age — by middle age we do not mean thirty, or forty, or fifty, or any term of actual years, but simply that period at which the bloom is off the fruit once for all — it is a serious matter, we insist, for such an one to have lost his profession. A fortune kicked down can be built up again; like a child's house of cards, the same skill, the same labor, and the same patience, will not fail to erect a similar fabric, while those who have studied most deeply the enjoyment of wealth affirm that the pleasure of *making* money far exceeds that of spending it. Friends may fail or die, old and tried friends, but the gap they leave closes of itself far sooner than we could have supposed possible, and although we cannot quite

"Go to the coffee-house and take another," we resign ourselves to the inevitable with sufficient calmness, and go on much as we did before. Even a lost love may be replaced; or should the old wound be too deep to stanch, we cover it up and hide it away, ashamed, as well we may be, to own an incurable sore. But the profession, if *really* a profession, is a part of the man; other privations are but forbidding him wine, this is denying him water; it is an every-day want, a perpetual blank that irritates him at every turn. He would fain be in mischief rather than remain idle; be doing harm rather than doing nothing.

Effingham was very restless, very unhappy. The dull dependency of resignation that had oppressed him for so many months, that he

had soothed and blunted with constant duty and unremitting labor, was indeed gone, but in its place was a feverish irritation, a morbid desire for change, an intense thirst for happiness, which is of itself the most painful of longings, and a rebellious encouragement of that discontent which asks repiningly, "Why are these things so?" He could not forget Grace Allonby, that was the truth; worse still, he felt that he would not if he could. To deceive another is often, as indeed it ought to be, a task of considerable difficulty; to deceive one's self, the easiest thing in the world. One knows the dupe so well, his petty weaknesses, his contemptible pliancy, his many faults, which he cultivates and cherishes as virtues. It is a poor triumph truly over a disarmed and helpless adversary, so we do it every day.

Effingham considered himself a proud man; it was the quality on which he most plumed himself. Never to bow his lofty head to human being, never to yield an inch of his self-sustaining dignity, this was his idea of manhood, this was the character he had trained himself to support. Perhaps it was for his pride that meek Grace Allonby loved him. Well she might. She had humbled it, and put her little foot upon it, and trod it into the dust.

After his last interview with her, this pride forbade him ever to see her more. Even after he heard she was still free, after gossiping Faith had poured such balm unconsciously into his heart, something told him that it was not for *him* to sue again, that he must leave every thing now to *her*; and that as she did not seem anxious to communicate with him, and he was determined to remain stern and immovable towards her, the probability was that they would never meet again.

This point finally settled, it was no wonder that an irresistible longing came over him to visit Lord Vaux at the lodging wherein he lay on a sick-bed; to request, nay, if necessary to demand, an interview with Mistress Cave, who inhabited the same house; not to shun—why should he?—the presence of any other lady who might happen to be with them at the time. That would indeed be ridiculous. It would look as though there were

something between them, as though she could influence proud George Effingham in any one hair's-breadth of his conduct, as though he *cared* for her, which of course, he did not now—not the least in the world—and this was the proof. Also a morbid desire came to possess him of justifying his conduct before these old Royalist friends, of disavowing his share in the king's death, a crime on which they must look with unmitigated horror, and of proving to them that though a strict Puritan and a determined adherent of the parliament in its previous resistance, he was no regicide; nay, he was now no rebel. He had but fought for liberty, not revolution; he had opposed, not the king, but the king's dishonest advisers. Under proper restrictions, he would wish to see the monarchy restored, and in the person of the late king's natural successor. Certainly, he was no rebel. Sincere, earnest George Effingham was turning sophist.

He was turning coxcomb, too, it seemed, else why did he linger so long over his preparations to go abroad that fine winter's morning? Why did he incline his sad-colored raiment with so much care, and comb out those iron-gray locks, and that grizzled beard with such an unpleasant consciousness that he was indeed turning *very* gray. He had not heeded his appearance for years: it set him well now, a worn and broken man, to be taking thought of his looks like a girl. He turned from the mirror with a grim, sardonic smile, but he smothered a sigh, too, as he recalled a comely brown face that was not so bad to look at less than twenty years ago, and he wished, he knew not why, he had it back again just for to-day. Psha! he was not going wooing *now*. He began to think he was turning foolish. Why did his hand shake so as he tied his points, and at that early hour why so restless and eager to be off? Then, although the day was fine for walking, keen and bracing as a winter's day should be, Effingham felt very hot as he turned the corner of that street, once so uninteresting and so undistinguished from the thousand and one adjacent streets, its fellows. There must have been some peculiarity in the street, too, else why should he have traversed it so often, examining its different houses so minutely

ere he stopped carelessly, and quite by accident as it were, at the one he sought? It was re-assuring, however, to be admitted by Faith, with her inspiring glances, and well-known smile; it was *not* re-assuring to be turned loose in an empty room, to await my lord's leisure, on whom, by a pleasant fiction, this visit was supposed to be made, and who, as an invalid, could scarcely be expected to be astir at half after nine in the morning, the early hour, even for those early times, at which George arrived.

How the room reminded him of that other room at Oxford, of which every detail was printed so indelibly on his memory. Photography, forsooth, is no invention of this or any other century. It came with mankind fresh and perfect upon earth. When Adam left the garden and knew he should see it no more, he took with him into the dreary waste of the outer world an impression of his Paradise that had not faded when his eyes were dim and his years had numbered nine hundred one score and ten. Eve, too, carried another in her aching bosom, though she could scarcely see it through her tears. Their children, one and all, possess the art and its appliances. Effingham's "positive" was no less vivid than that of his fellow-creatures.

Men inhabit a room as an Arab pitches his tent in the desert, careful only of immediate shelter and convenience, as a place that, when they have left it and done with it, shall know them no more. Women, on the contrary—at least *some* women, and these, we think, are not seldom the gentlest and most lovable of their sex—seem to pervade it, as it were, with their influence, though for the time they may be absent indeed in the body; shedding, so to speak, an atmosphere of beauty and refinement about them which clings around the place when they are gone. 'Tis an old hackneyed quotation, though none the worse for that, about "The vase in which roses have once been distilled;" but it describes as poetically and as adequately as language can, the charm we all know so well, the spell that a loved and loving woman casts upon the threshold of her home.

Mary Cave possessed this faculty in a high degree. Any one who knew Mary intimately could tell at a glance on entering a room whether she was in the habit of stationing herself there; and the something that George recognized here in the London lodging, which

he had learned to appreciate in his Oxford experiences, was but one of the many attractions belonging to that lady of which he had never made any account. Lover-like, he attributed it all to Grace, and looked round the apartment with a softening eye, believing that it was *here* she sat and worked and pondered, thinking perhaps sometimes, and not unkindly, of *him*.

Poor Grace! she was generally too restless now to sit still anywhere. When not occupied with the invalid, to whom both the women devoted themselves as only women can, she spent most of her time in wandering to and fro about the house, looking out of all the windows that commanded the street, and turning away from them as if she expected somebody who never came, varying this dreary amusement by long political discussions with her friend, in which she sought to prove the parliament not so far in the wrong, shocking that Cavalier lady much by the disloyalty of her opinions, which seemed to incline daily more and more towards Puritanism, and as Mary told her, almost with indignation, "flat rebellion."

Had George Effingham known all this, perhaps he would hardly have trembled so ridiculously as he stood bending his sheathed rapier about unconsciously in that sacred apartment. No; he was a bold man, George, and he loved her very honestly. It would have made him more nervous still.

In his stirring and eventful career he had faced as much danger as most men, not only the open dangers of the battle field, which to one of his calibre were indeed no great trial of courage, but the more thrilling hazards of advanced outposts, night attacks, and such uncertain duties, when a moment's relaxation of vigilance, a moment's loss of coolness, might not only have destroyed himself, but imperilled the very existence of the army for whose safety he was answerable. Never in his whole life, however—as George once confessed, many a long day afterwards to a certain individual, who received the confession with happy smiles, melting into happier tears—never before on picket, with Rupert hovering about his flanks at midnight, or detached with a handful of men to make his way in broad daylight between Goring's keen-sighted vigilance and Astley's unerring tactics, no, not even when he stood face to face with old Sir Giles at Naseby, and bore the brunt of that impetuous charge in which the stout knight

fell wounded, had he felt his lips blanch and his heart leap to his mouth as they did on this eventful day simply to hear a light footfall coming along the passage, and a gentle hand lifting the latch of the door.

To him entered no more important a personage than his friend Faith, whose sense of the ludicrous, damped, yet not altogether smothered, by the grave realities of matrimony, was sorely tried by George's open-mouthed expression of countenance, denoting any thing but coolness or self-command.

"My lord prays the general will excuse his waiting on him in this apartment," quoth Faith, demurely, "and begs the favor of his company in the sick chamber to which his lordship is still confined;" with that she bade him follow her guidance, and make as little noise as possible, in consideration of the invalid—an unnecessary injunction to a man who, though conscious of no evil intention, felt already like a convicted thief. George, however, was too experienced a soldier not to recognize the inspiring influence of locomotion; his courage came gradually back as he advanced to the attack.

She was in the room. He knew it somehow without seeing her. He was conscious of a presence, and a grave, formal courtesy and the old stupefying sensation that was yet so fascinating. He was conscious also of another lady, pale and faded, who greeted him with stately coldness, and of the suffering nobleman himself reclining languidly on his couch.

Poor George Effingham! they were drawn up in battle order to receive him, horse, foot, and dragoons. For an instant he was coward enough to wish he hadn't come!

There is nothing like a plunge at once in *medias res* to brace the nerves for an encounter. To his lordship's distant salutation, and somewhat haughty inquiry as to the cause which had obtained him the honor of the general's visit, though he could not forbear adding, courteously enough, "that he trusted it was to give them some opportunity of returning the many favors they had received from the parliamentary officer"—George replied with manly frankness at once, "that he had come to see his old friends, in order to do himself justice. He had but few now," he said, "and could not afford to lose one of them. He was no longer in a position either to ask or to confer a favor. He was neither

a general now, nor an officer in the service of the parliament."

The party looked from one to the other in some perturbation. Grace turned very red and very white again in less than a second. Lord Vaux feebly signed to the ladies to withdraw. One of them could not, and the other would not, see the signal. An embarrassing silence succeeded: the three were at what is termed a "dead-lock."

Mary was the first to break it. He quite started at her voice; it was so changed from the full, steady tones he remembered; he looked attentively in her face, and was sorry to see how time and grief had altered her. It was a beautiful face still, but it had lost forever the rounded outlines and the bright comeliness of youth.

"We are glad to know that it is so," said Mary, assuming for the nonce the old queenly air that sat so well upon her. "You can understand our feelings. You see our loyalty is no whit shaken even now. Mourning for him as we do, ay, even in our outward garb"—she glanced as she spoke at her own dress, for all there were in the deepest black—"how is it possible for us to forgive his murderers? Had you come here with the king's blood on your hands, George Effingham, not one of us could have spoken a kind word to you again."

Grace looked up at him with one rapid, speaking glance; the next instant her eyes were fixed intently on the floor. She at least would listen to his justification with no unfavorable ear.

In a few manly, simple words George told his tale. Addressing himself to the old Cavalier nobleman, he detailed his early experiences of the royal army and the royal party, his scruples of conscience, his change of faith, the moral obligation he felt to join the champions of liberty, and the contagious enthusiasm kindled in his mind by their religious zeal. Without dwelling on his own deeds or his own feelings, he confined himself to a simple narrative of facts, relating how he had served his country and his party at once; how he had mitigated the rigorous measures of the parliament towards the Royalists, as indeed they themselves knew, to the utmost of his power; and how even at the very last he had gone to Cromwell with his commission in his hand, and protesting against the sacrilege which he was powerless to prevent, had



thrown it at the dictator's feet, and stripped off the uniform which he had resolved from henceforth he would never wear again. "And now," said George, kindling as he spoke, and fixing his eyes unconsciously on Grace, who sat blushing and trembling, drinking in every word, "I see, too late, the error into which we have fallen. I see that we have trusted too little to the people, too much to the sword. I see that we have ourselves built up a power we are unable to control; and that, setting aside every question of right, we must return within those limits we ought never to have overstepped, resume the allegiance that we have never intentionally shaken off, and re-establish a monarchy to save our country. I may have gone too far; but in these times there has been no middle course. I have borne arms not against my sovereign, but against those who would have persuaded him to be a tyrant. No! There is not a drop of Charles Stuart's blood on my hands, and I have never been a rebel, my lord, never a rebel, as I am a living man!"

Grace thanked him with a look that made Effingham's heart leap for joy.

Poor Lord Vaux, sadly weakened and broken down, had listened courteously and with a well-pleased air to a man for whom in his heart he had always entertained a high respect, and to whose kind offices he had often of late owed his own welfare and security. He bowed his head feebly, and said "he was glad to hear it;" then looked wearily around as though to ask when his noonday draught would be ready, and when his visitor was going away. Mary alone remained obdurate and uncompromising.

"You have justified yourself," she said "of the blessed martyr's blood, but you can never deny that you, and such as you, have been the unconscious instruments of this odious sacrilege. You are not *of* us, George Effingham, and you must not be *with* us. We are glad to have heard you in your defence; to have seen you once more; to thank you for the favors we have received at your hands; and to bid you farewell. We wish you no evil, we bear you no malice; but between us and *you* stands the scaffold at Whitehall. It is a barrier that can never be removed. I speak for Sir Giles Allonby's daughter as well as myself. Come, Grace, you and I have no business here!"

How could she say such hard, such cruel words? What was this impulse that thus bade her do violence to her own better feelings, and trample so ruthlessly on those of her friend? Her tone, too, was unnaturally calm and constrained; and she pressed her hand upon her bosom, as if in physical pain.

He had bent his head down, down to his very sword-hilt while she was speaking, but he raised it more loftily than his wont when she had done, and Grace observed that he looked sterner than usual, and had turned very pale. Her woman's heart was rising rapidly; her woman-nature rebelled fiercely against this assumption of authority by her friend. She sat swelling with love, pride, anger, pity, a host of turbulent feelings. It wanted but little to create an outbreak.

He rose slowly, and bade Lord Vaux a courteous farewell. He bowed to the ground before Mary, who acknowledged his salutation with one of those miraculous courtesies which the dames of that period performed to such perfection. Then he turned to the door, and in doing so he must pass close by Grace's chair. How her heart beat. Once she thought he would pass without speaking. For more than a minute she had never taken her eyes off his face, and a sad, hopeless expression crossed it now that made her thrill with pain. He stopped before her chair, and took her by the hand. "Farewell," he said. "a long farewell, *Grace!*" There was a world of quiet sorrow in the tone with which he spoke that last word; a world of hopeless love in the deep eyes that looked down so reproachfully, yet so fondly, into hers. The girl's heart was full to suffocation. She could bear it no longer; the room seemed to swim before her eyes. The next moment she was sobbing on his breast like a child.

Effingham walked out of that London lodging perhaps the happiest man that day in England. He was no accepted suitor, no affianced lover, it is true; but for the first time he knew now beyond a doubt that the blessing for which he had pined so long was his own; that even if she might never be his, Grace Allonby loved him dearly in her heart; and the light which the poet affirms "never was on sea or shore," but without which both sea and shore are but dull and dreary wastes, began to shed its golden gleams on a life that

only too joyfully accepted this one boon in lieu of every thing else which it had lost.

Trembling, weeping, agitated, horribly ashamed, yet by no means repentant of what she had done, Grace retired to her chamber, whither, from the sheer force of habit, she was followed by her friend; and where, in broken sentences and frequent sobs, not unmingled with smiles, she told her how she had loved their enemy so long, ever so long, ay, even before she had entreated him to save Bosville's life, only she was not quite sure he cared for her; and how she had always believed it was for her sake Effingham had been so kind to the Royalists; and how proud she always was, though she knew it was very wrong, of his prowess, and his successes; lastly, how she had feared she must never see him nor speak to him again; and how to-day was the happiest day in her life; "for, you see, Mary, he is not a rebel, after all—he says so himself—not a rebel at all; and even if I never see him again, I shall always love him better than any one else in the world."

And Mary listened, and soothed her, and remonstrated, like a confirmed hypocrite as she was. (All good women are, far, far more so than the bad ones.) And even urged the claim of another, with a pale, smiling face, too, and dissuaded her in every way she could think of from what she termed "this wicked folly;" and Grace, cheering up rapidly, laughed at the latter argument, and said,

with a mocking voice, "If ever he turns up, you will have to marry him yourself, Mary. You have taken charge of him ever since we have known him. It is very careless of you to have lost him now!"

They reached home, those unconscious friendly stabs, dealt so innocently by a loving hand—home to the very quick, every one of them. Grace could not guess why her friend bent down to kiss her so assiduously at this moment, and talked on so volubly immediately afterwards; but the conversation was resumed again and again; the argument against marriage, so resolutely urged by the elder lady, becoming weaker and weaker at every fresh attack.

The contest ended as such contests usually do when the one side is thoroughly in earnest, the other fighting against its own convictions. Lord Vaux, an easy, good-tempered man, devotedly fond of Grace, and in the intervals of his malady only too glad to make every one happy about him, was soon brought to think that George Effingham would be an extremely fit person to take charge of his dear Grace, provided always they would both come and live with him in the old hall at Boughton. With much reluctance—so much indeed as to seem more feigned than sincere—Mary withdrew her opposition, and the spring, gloomy and disastrous as it proved to the Royalist party, smiled on at least one happy heart amongst the despondent and ruined Cavaliers.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.—"COMING HOME."

MASTER DYMOCKE sat basking in the beams of an early summer's sun on the terrace at Boughton. He had been left in trustworthy charge of that establishment for several months, as was indeed well known to the inferior domestics of the household, on whom his military strictness and somewhat peevish disposition, by no means improved after matrimony, had produced an impression the reverse of agreeable. The males held him in considerable awe; the females, excepting one or two of the prettiest, to whom he relaxed considerably, opined, and, womanlike, freely expressed their opinion, that he was a "thankless old curmudgeon." Perhaps as he was now altogether out of the game, the single ladies may have regarded him with a peculiarly unfavorable eye.

He seemed, however, thoroughly satisfied

with the current of his own reflections. The family were expected to return that very day, and although he was sufficiently habituated to his pretty wife's absence to bear it with conjugal composure, he had no objection on earth to see her smiling face again. Though firmly convinced in his own mind that he had paid too high a price for that treasure, Dymocke, we need scarcely repeat, was a philosopher, and the last man to be guilty of such an absurdity as that of undervaluing a purchase because it had cost him pretty dear. No, Faith belonged to *him*, and that was of itself a very considerable merit. It is only right to add that the little woman ruled him most thoroughly, and tyrannized over him as only such a little woman can.

The afternoon was rapidly verging towards evening, and the sun was already beginning

to shed that golden haze athwart the distant valleys which makes our English scenery, dotted with timber and clothed with copse and hedgerow, like a dream of fairyland, and yet they had not arrived. Well! It was three good days' journey from London to Northampton for a horse litter, and thankful they might be that my lord was sufficiently recovered to come home at all, and a merry home-coming it would turn out, with Miss Grace's happy face, as pleased with her dark, grim lover as if he had been a bran-new gallant from the French court; and Mistress Mary, whom the poor old folk for many a mile round had missed sadly during her absence, and his own little vixen's saucy smiles, and my lord's calm, weary approval of all that had been done whilst he was away. Dymocke had imperceptibly usurped the authority of every other functionary in the establishment, and had constituted himself butler, gardener, groom, and steward, with a grave tenacity peculiarly his own. It was now most gratifying to reflect that the house was clean, the garden trim, the stable in order, and the very pigstyes arranged with military method and precision; also to be convinced that he, Hugh Dymocke, was the only man in England who could so completely have set every thing to rights.

Thus absorbed in his self-satisfied meditations, honest Hugh rose from the bench over which Mary's roses were already putting forth a thousand tiny buds, and strolled into the park to catch the first glimpse of the expected cavalcade.

Dazzled with the slanting sunbeams, he shaded his eyes with his hand as he perceived the figure of a man in the park apparently threading the old trees so as to avoid observation.

"Something wrong," thought Dymocke. "Some one here for mischief, I'll be sworn. 'Tis too tall for old Robin the molecatcher, and 'forester Will' is away psalm-singing at Harborow, with a murrain to him! He'd better not come home drunk as he did the last time, a prick-eared knave! It must be some poaching scoundrel looking after the young fawns. I'll rattle his bones for him if I catch him, I'll warrant; and I can run a bit still for as old as I am, and wrestle, too, with here and there a one."

Thus soliloquizing, our veteran, in whom

the pugnacious propensity was still strongly developed, hastened towards the intruder with long, swift strides, craftily careful, however, to keep every advantage of ground in case his new acquaintance should take fright and make a run for it.

This, however, seemed to be the last thing in the stranger's mind. He leaned his back against a tree, with his eyes fixed on the ground, as though the young fern springing up beneath his feet were a study of absorbing interest and importance. If he were really a botanist, he seemed a most attentive one, and took not the slightest notice, as indeed he was probably quite unconscious of the sturdy sergeant's approach.

That worthy's conduct was, to say the least of it, remarkable. On perceiving that the stranger's dress and exterior denoted a gentleman, he had halted at a distance of about a hundred yards and reconnoitred, then, without further preliminary, sent an excellent new beaver spinning high into the air, bounded three feet from the ground as if he were shot, and with a howl of mingled triumph, affection, and astonishment, ran the intervening distance at the very top of his speed, and seizing the stranger's hand with famished eagerness, mouthed and kissed it much as a dog would a bone, while down his brown cheek and on to that hand stole the first and only tear the stout sergeant is ever recorded to have shed.

"He's alive and well! he's alive and well!" gasped the old soldier as if a giant's fingers were gripping his throat. "God bless thee Master Humphrey — my dear young master." and he burst out with a snatch of one of their jolly Cavalier songs in a hoarse, hysterical voice that would have tempted a by-stander to laugh had he not indeed been more inclined to weep.

It was sad to see how little Humphrey responded to the sergeant's affectionate welcome. He pressed his hand indeed kindly, for it was not in Bosville's nature to hurt the feelings of a single soul, but his countenance never for an instant lost the expression of deep melancholy that had become habitual to it, and he looked so sadly in his old servant's face that the latter's triumph soon turned to apprehension and dismay.

"What is it, Master Humphrey?" he asked, eagerly, and using unconsciously the old fa-

miliar appellation of long ago, "you are safe here—quite safe; surely, the bloodhounds are not after you now? O Master Humphrey! d'ye mind how we gave them the slip, and what an example the sorrel made of 'em that blessed day? We've got his half-brother now; goes in my lord's coach; and I've kept one of his hoofs. I went and cut it off myself when he lay dead down yonder by the waterside, and it's stood ever since over the corn-bin against you should ever come home!"

Humphrey smiled a forced, sad smile. "Thanks, honest Hugh," he answered; "I have not many treasures left. I should like the sorrel's hoof, for your sake and that of the good old horse. Go and fetch it me now. I will wait here till you come back. I must be in the saddle again to-night, and in a few more hours I shall leave England forever. Hugh, you are an old soldier; I can trust you. Do not let any of the family know you have seen me here to-day."

"Why, bless you, there isn't a soul of them at home," answered Dymocke, and his master's face fell visibly the while. "They're all expected back to-night. I was out looking for them just now, when I saw you. My lord's getting quite hearty again, Heaven be praised! and you've heard the news? Our young lady's going to be married, and to our old captain, too. Ah, major, there wasn't as smart a troop in the king's army as ours. D'ye mind what the prince said at Newbury when he bid the whole brigade take up a fresh alignment upon us? 'Dress,' says he, 'upon Captain Effingham's troop, and be d—d to ye!' He was a hearty, free-spoken gentleman, was Prince Rupert; 'for they stand,' says he, 'like a brick wall,' and so we did, and a pelting shower we got from Essex's culverins before they'd done with us; but we never broke our line! Well, well, it's a world of change; and I'm married, too, major—married and settled and all. Oh, my dear Master Humphrey, don't be in too great a hurry. But that's neither here nor there; and you've heard doubtless of Mistress Mary's good luck, and the future that's fallen to her?"

He had indeed. We must be more than estranged from those we love when we cease to hear of them if not from them. to make inquiries, needlessly disguised and indirect, about their welfare—to take an interest all

the keener that we are ashamed to own it in the remotest trifles that can affect them. He had heard what was indeed true, that by the death of a relative Mary Cave had become possessed of broad lands away by the winding Avon, waving woods, and smiling farms, and acres of goodly pasturage; nor, though he rejoiced in aught that was likely to benefit her, could he stifle a bitter and unworthy pang to feel that this succession was but another barrier raised between himself and the woman from whom he felt he was hopelessly separated. If he had been voluntarily discarded by her before, could he condescend to sue her now that she was a wealthy heiress? Not he. That, at least, was a folly he had done with for evermore, and when his softer nature got the better of him, and he felt too keenly how sweet that folly was, he would fall to reading the letter once more that he still carried in his bosom, thin and almost illegible now from frequent perusals, yet perhaps scarcely so frayed and worn as the heart against which it lay. Had he known—had he only known! But such is life. Can we wonder at the bumps and knocks we receive when we think what a game at blindman's buff the whole thing is!

And Mary's pleasure in her succession to this heritage was of a strangely sober nature. "Too late—too late!" was all that lady said when she heard of it. Too late, indeed! The cause was irretrievably lost that had been with one exception the thing nearest and dearest to her heart, and he for whom alone she feared she would have been capable of abandoning that cause itself, was parted from her forever! She could not even gain tidings that he was alive now. No wonder Mary had grown so pale and haggard! No wonder she was so altered from the proud, careless, free-spoken Mary Cave who had asserted her independence so haughtily while she flew her hawk at Holmby with stout Sir Giles not so many years ago. The wheels of Old Time run smoothly enough, but they leave their marks as surely dented on the barren sand as on the fresh green turf, alike impartial whether they grind weed and thistle into their beaten track, or bruise the wildflower to the earth never to lift its gentle head again.

It was with no small difficulty that Humphrey could impress upon his old servant the necessity of his remaining *incog.*; could persuade him it was really his wish that none of



the family should be informed of his presence; or could make him believe that he was in sober earnest in the intention he had expressed of leaving England forthwith. Dymocke was even sorely tempted to throw up his own comfortable and lucrative situation in order to follow once more the fortunes of a master to whom he had always been attached, but the thought of his lately married wife and his fresh ties stifled this new-born impulse even as it rose. Dymocke put it in this way—"If I should once get back to my bachelor habits, I should never be able to settle down again. Perhaps I'd best stay as I am. What's done can't be undone; and may be it's easier to keep the barrow trundling, than to stop, once and again, for a fresh start!"

"Not a word more at present, Hugh," said the major, after a few further inquiries and observations about old times had been made; "I have good reasons for wishing my visit here to remain a secret. See! they are arriving even now. Meet me to-night under the cedars when they are all gone to bed. Bring the old horse's hoof with you for a keepsake, and we will wish each other a last farewell."

As he spoke he disappeared amongst the old trees; and Dymocke, vainly endeavoring to settle his countenance into its habitual calmness, hurried back to receive his master at the hall.

It was indeed a happy party. The old lord, benefited by the advice of his London physician, and no longer harassed by the share he had so long sustained in that unequal conflict, which for the present was terminated by unequivocal defeat, had regained somewhat of his former strength and spirits, was able to alight from his litter without assistance, and gladdened Master Dymocke's heart with an appropriate jest and a kindly smile as he trod once more the threshold of his home. Happy Grace, still young enough to possess that elasticity of temperament which makes light of past suffering as though it had never been, blushed and sparkled as she did at sixteen, pressing her lover's hand with shy affection as he assisted her from her horse, but already beginning to treat him with that playful tyranny which a young wife is apt to assume over a grave and superior husband in whom she has perfect confidence, and of whom in her heart of hearts she is immensely proud. George's dark face beamed

with a light which had been a stranger to it for years. Happiness is a wonderful restorative, and already the lines were beginning to fade from his rugged brow, the harsh, defiant expression was changing for one of deep, grateful contentment; the dark eyes, no longer glittering with repressed feelings and feverish excitement, shone with the lustre of health and strength; while the swarthy glow upon his cheek accorded well with his bold, frank bearing, and square, well-built frame. It was a manly, vigorous beauty still, thought Grace, and none the worse for the grizzled hair and beard. He looked joyous and light-hearted, although in the false position of a man "about to marry." The practice of humiliating the lords of the creation, when thus disarmed and at the mercy of their natural enemies, is by no means peculiar to the present era. From time immemorial, ay, since Father Laban imposed so cruelly upon Jacob, the bridegroom expectant has ever been discomfited as much as possible by the bride and her auxiliaries. It may be that this disheartening process is considered a salutary purgatory, such as shall enhance the paradise of the subsequent honeymoon, or it may be simply intended as a judicious foretaste of conjugal discipline hereafter; but that it has existed among all civilized nations as a great social institution, we take every Benedict to witness who has found, like George Eflingham, that bodice and pinners are a match, and more than a match, for doublet and hose.

Dymocke's face as he lifted his pretty wife from her horse was worth a mine of gold. There were tenderness, self-restraint, a comical consciousness of shame, and a sly glance of humor, all depicted at once on his rugged features.

"Welcome home, lass!" he whispered, winding his arm round her trim waist, "welcome home. I can do well enough without thee; but it warms my heart like a tass of brandy to see thy bonny face again!"

This was a great deal from Hugh, and Faith stooped her pretty head and kissed him accordingly.

But "some must work while others sleep;" and although the majority of the party were basking merrily in the sunshine, one was drooping visibly in the shade. Kindly, gentle, and forbearing—trying to forget her own grief in the joy of others—purified and softened by sorrow—there was yet on Mary

Cave's brow a weight of care which it was sad to see in one still in the prime of life and the meridian of beauty. Her temperament, like that of many who possess abilities above the average, was impressionable enough on the surface, but hard as adamant beneath. In her younger days she was quite capable of enjoying and even reciprocating the empty and harmless gallantries which were the fashion of the court; but though it was always easy enough to attract Mary Cave's attention, none save Falkland could boast that he had won her interest; and this attachment to an ideal, strong as it undoubtedly was, had in its very nature a false and morbid fascination which would too surely pass away. When it was gone it left her colder, haughtier, more inwardly reserved than ever. Then came the daily association with one possessed of many winning qualities; above all, of that which in the long run cannot fail to be appreciated—a faithful, loving heart; whom she had accustomed herself to consider as her own peculiar property; whose affection she regarded as neither obtaining nor expecting a return; whom she had taught herself to look upon as a devotee, a slave—always true, always unchanging, never to assume any other character. Little by little the unyielding disposition became saturated with an insidious and delightful sentiment. The wilful heart, so difficult to tame, found itself enclosed in meshes it had been weaving insensibly for its own subjection. In time it began to hint to her that she could ill afford to part with her secret treasure; at last it told her that it must break at once if she were to lose him altogether.

Then arose the fearful struggle out of which she came a victor indeed, but too surely conscious that *such* a victory was more crushing than any defeat. For Grace's sake, for the sake of every one—nay, for his *own* sake—she voluntarily gave him up: and while she did so she knew and felt she gave up all her hopes this side of eternity. Subsequent events added but little to her despondency. The one great fact was before her—that of her own free will she had discarded the man she loved; and Mary's love, once won, was no light matter. She would look at her hand—the

shapely hand he used to admire and praise with a lover's childish folly, and wish it had withered to the bone ere it had penned that fatal letter. For of course, he could never forgive her now. Even his kindly nature would be estranged by heartlessness such as hers. He would avoid her and forget her—nay, he *had* avoided and forgotten her. It was all over at last—he was lost to her forever, and she had done it herself!

It was a mockery to see George and Grace so happy; to feel how utterly she had sacrificed her own future in vain. It was a mockery to hear the joyous girl prattling of her future household and her wedding-dress, and to be asked for grave, matronly advice, as though she herself were indeed without the pale of the loving and the hopeful. Above all, it was a bitter mockery to have inherited broad lands, and wealth that was valueless to her now, since she might not share it with the ruined Cavalier.

It was cruel work. What could she do? There was but one resource—there never has been but one resource for human sorrow since the world began. When the burden became too heavy to bear, she knelt beneath it, and she rose again, if not hopeful, yet resigned; humbled but consoled as those alone rise who ask for comfort meekly on their knees. She was often in that position now; had she never known sorrow she had never sought Heaven. Providence leads us like children through the wilderness, by many a devious track, towards our home. Joy brightens the path for one, and he walks on thankfully and happily in its rosy light. Grief takes another by the hand, and clutching him in her stern gripe, points with wasted arm along the narrow way. What matter, for so short a distance, how we reach the goal? Brother! help me with my knapsack the while I guide thy feeble steps, and share with thee the crumbs in my homely wallet. Let us assist rather than hinder one another. Yonder, where the lights are twinkling, is a welcome for us all. Dark is the night, and sore the weary feet, and rough the way. Cheer up!—toil on!—we shall get there at last.

## CHAPTER XLV.

DYMOCKE was uneasy and full of care. "There's something wrong," muttered the old trooper in his beard, as he went fidgeting about the house and offices, putting everybody out under pretence of seeing things done correctly with his own eyes. A sumptuous supper was soon served in the great hall for the travellers, and Lord Vaux looked round him with an air of thorough comfort and enjoyment to be at home once more. The flush of sunset softening in the south to a pale, transparent green, but edging the light clouds that roofed the meridian with flakes of fire, flooded the quaint old hall in crimson light richer than the very hues of the stained glass above, the casements opened wide to the fragrant evening air. A solitary star twinkled already in the purest, clearest depths of the infinity above, while the highest twigs and branches of the old trees, not yet clothed in their summer garments to their very tops, cut clear and marked against the pale, calm sky. The rooks were drowsily cawing out their evensong, and a young moon peeping shyly above the horizon, afforded no more light to the outer world than did the needless lamp burning on the supper table to the domestic circle within. Lord Vaux was a quiet, studious man, of earnest temperament but of few words. He saw his fine old home preserved to him, his oaks uninjured, his fortune, though impaired, still amply sufficient for his wants, above all, his old retainers around him, and the two last of his kinsfolk left alive sitting at his board. He stretched his hand across the board to Effingham,—

"God help the Cavaliers!" said he in a broken voice; "George, I owe all this to you."

It was the first time he had called him by his Christian name, and Grace thanked him with such a happy, grateful glance. Then she stole a look at her lover, proud, radiant, full of tenderness and trust—George blushed, stammered, looked down—and finally said nothing. It was all he had to say—would he not have given his heart's blood long ago for any one connected, however remotely, with the name of Allonby, and never asked for thanks? There was nothing to be grateful for, he did but follow his nature. The three talked quietly, but cheerily, not laughing much, nor jesting, but in the soft, low tones of those who have a deep store of

happiness within. For two indeed the cup was brim full, and running over.

Mary, too, joined in the conversation, but Dymocke, bringing in a tapering flask of Hippocras, could not but observe her absent manner and pale, dejected looks.

"There's something wrong," muttered the old soldier once more, and he fell to reflecting on all the circumstances he could think of which bore in any way on that lady's case, for whom, like the rest of the household, he felt and professed a chivalrous devotion. He had obtained a few vague hints from Faith that Mistress Mary was "sadly changed—not herself, by any means—took the king's death much to heart," and "was over anxious also about absent friends," but Faith, besides holding the person of whom she spoke in considerable awe, was one of those women who are far more discreet in entrusting secrets to their husbands than to their own sex, and Dymocke's conjectures, whatever they might be, were but little assisted by the penetration of his wife. True to his profession, however, his ideas naturally reverted to the sorrel, as indeed they were apt to do whenever the old trooper fell into a despondent mood. He bethought him how, although the two ladies had both been in the habit of petting and fondling so good and handsome an animal, Mistress Mary's attention to that chestnut favorite were paid much more secretly than her friend's—how, going in and out of the stable at odd times, he had come unexpectedly on the latter lady making her accustomed visit when the servants were at meals or otherwise engaged, and how upon one occasion, noiselessly descending a ladder from the hayloft during the important hour of dinner, he had seen her with his own eyes lay her soft cheek against the horse's neck, and he could have sworn he heard her sob, though she walked away with a statelier step than ever when she found herself disturbed, and as the stout soldier confessed to himself, he dared not have looked in her face for a king's ransom. Then he remembered sundry little weaknesses of the major's, which being his personal attendant and valet he had not failed to remark. How he had often been surprised at the value that careless young officer seemed to attach to the most insignificant trifles. What a fuss he made about a worn-out riding-glove, which had been unaccountably lost by

one of the ladies on the journey to Oxford, and as unaccountably found with the thrust of a rapier right through the palm, a few hours after the duel with Goring; and also how his master's usually sweet temper had been ruffled, and he had sworn great oaths totally unwarranted by the occasion, when Dymocke, in his regard for cleanliness and order, had emptied a vase of a few roses, which had been kept there in water till, indeed, by any other name they could scarcely have smelt less sweet. All these matters he revolved and pondered in his mind; till at last, having as he termed it, "put stock and barrel together," he came to his own conclusions, and resolved to act soldier-like, on his own decision. It required, however, a good deal of courage to carry out his undertaking. The affection with which Mary inspired her subordinates, and indeed her equals, was tempered with awe. There are some natures with which no one ever presumes to take a liberty, some persons, often the most amiable and best tempered of their kind, who, without the least effort or self-assertion, inspire general respect. It required no little courage and effrontery even for an old soldier to go up and tell Mary Cave, if not in so many words, at least in substance, that she was over head in love with a ruined Cavalier, and that if she didn't go out to-night and meet him under the cedars, she would probably never set eyes on him again!

Dymocke manned himself for his task. After supper, Effingham and Grace, lover-like, strolled out upon the terrace to look at the young summer moon: much of her they saw — neither of them found out she rose the other side of the house! Lord Vaux, fatigued with his journey, hobbled quietly off to bed. Mary with her head upon her hand, seemed lost in thought. She had no heart for her embroidery to-night; to-morrow she would begin new duties, new tasks; she must not sink, she thought, into a useless, apathetic being, but this one night may surely be given to remembrance and repose. Dymocke made two efforts to speak to her, but each time his courage failed him. She thought the man lingered somewhat about the room, but she was in that mood which we have all of us known, when the spirit is so weary that any exertion, even that of observation, becomes a task; when we are too much *beat* even to be astonished or annoyed. She rose as if to go

away, and Dymocke felt that now or never he must take his plunge. He coughed with such preposterous violence that she could not but lift her sad eyes to his face. She might reasonably have expected to see him in the last stage of suffocation.

"Mistress Mary," said the sergeant, blank and gaping with agitation, and there he stopped.

She thought he was drunk, and eying him with a calm, sorrowful contempt, passed on to leave the room.

"Mistress Mary!" gasped the sergeant once more, "good Mistress Mary — no offence — he's here — I've seen him!"

No need to tell her *who*. Her limbs trembled so that she was fain to sink into a chair, and she grasped its arms in each hand like an old palsied woman, as, true to her mettled heart, she turned her face to Dymocke, and tried to steady her voice to speak. Not a sound would come save a husky, stifled murmur in her throat — not a sound, and the soldier in very pity hurried on with what he had got to say.

"He's to meet me to-night in the park — under the cedars — he's there now — he's going away at once, for good and all — going over the sea — we'll never see him more. O Mistress Mary, for pity's sake!"

She smiled on the honest sergeant, such a wild, strange smile. Never a word she spoke, but she rose steadily to her feet, and walked away with her own proud step; only he noticed that her face was deadly white, and she kept one hand clasped tight about her throat.

Humphrey sat under the cedars in the misty moonlight, and mused dreamily and sadly enough on his past life, which indeed seemed to be gone from him for evermore. A man's strong heart is seldom so hopeful as a woman's; it is harder for his more practical nature to cling, like hers to a shadow; perhaps he has not so studiously reconciled himself to suffering as his daily lot; perhaps his affections are less ideal, but his despondency is usually of a fiercer and less tractable kind than her meek, sorrowing resignation. Humphrey had gone through the whole ordeal, the trial by fire which scorches and destroys the baser metal, but from which the sterling gold comes out purified and refined. He had suffered bitterly, he sometimes wondered at himself that he could have endured so much, but his faith had not wavered; to use the



## HOLMBY HOUSE.

language of that old chivalry which has never yet died out in England, though it might cover his death wound, his shield was bright and spotless still.

After the king's martyrdom, as the Royalists termed the fatal execution at Whitehall, Bosville, a deserter and a conspirator, was fain to hold himself concealed in one of the many hiding-places provided by the Cavaliers for their more conspicuous friends. It took time, and cosmetics, too, for the dye to wear itself out of his natural skin. It took time for his comely locks and dark moustache to grow once more, and thus efface all resemblance to the flaxen-haired Brampton, whilom a private in Hacker's redoubtable musketeers. Although when he was at length able to go abroad again, it was a nice question whether the proscribed Cavalier major did not incur as much peril by being recognized in his own real character, as in that of the sentinel who had plotted for the king's rescue, and then absconded from the ranks of the parliamentary army. Many long weeks he remained in hiding, and it was during this interval of inaction that he heard of Effingham's proposed marriage to Grace, and of Mary's succession to her goodly inheritance. It was bitter to think how little she must have ever cared for him, that she should have made not the slightest effort to discover his lurking-place. He judged her, and rightly, by his own heart, when he reflected that she ought to know he could not sue to her now — that if ever they were to become even *friends* again, the advances must come from *her*. His spirit sank within him when he thought that heartlessness such as this affected even the past, that she never could have loved him for five minutes to forget him so easily now, and that he had bartered his life's happiness for that which was more false and illusive than a dream. God help the heart that is sore enough to say of the loved one, "I had rather he or she *had died* than have used me thus!" and yet poor Bosville had thought so more than once.

As is often the case with blind mortality, much of this self-torture was wholly uncalled for and unjust. While Humphrey was blaming her with such bitter emphasis, Mary busied herself day by day and hour by hour in endeavoring to find out what had become of him. Without compromising his safety, she was bringing into play all her abilities, all

her experience of political intrigue, all her new wealth and old personal influence for this purpose, but in vain. The Cavalier party was so completely broken up and disorganized, that it was almost impossible to obtain information concerning any one of the proscribed and scattered band. Mary was fain to give up her search in despair, concluding that he had either fled the country or was dead. The latter possibility she combated with a reasoning all her own. She was not superstitious, only very fond and very sorrowful.

"It was all my fault, I know," she used to think, that humbled, contrite woman; "and yet he loved me so once, he could not surely rest in his grave if he knew how anxious and unhappy I am." She would rather have seen him thus than not at all.

After a time, his pride came to his assistance, and he resolved to seek in other lands, if not forgetfulness, at least distraction and employment. His fortunes were nearly ruined with the ruined cause he had espoused. He had little left save his brave empty heart and the sword that had never failed him yet. In the golden tropics there were spoils to be won and adventures to be found. Many a bold Cavalier who, like himself, had been more used to bit and bridle than bolt-sprit and mainstay, was already afloat for the Spanish Main, with a vague thirst for novelty, and a dim hope of romantic enterprise. Fabulous accounts were rife of those enchanted seas, with their perfumed breezes and their coral shores, their palm-trees and their spice islands, their eternal summers and their radiant skies. Nothing was too extravagant to be credited of the Spanish Main, and many an enthusiast gazing at sunset at the flushing splendor of the western heaven, was persuaded that he might realize on earth just so gorgeous a dream far away in yonder hemisphere to which his eyes were turned.

So the Cavaliers clubbed their diminished means together, and chartered goodly brigantines, and loaded them with merchandise, looking well to their store of arms and ammunition the while, and launched upon the deep with mingled hopes of trade and conquest, barter and rapine; the beads to tempt the dusky savage in the one hand, the sword to lay him on his golden sands in the other.

And Bosville had a share in one of these pirate-ships, lying, with her fore-topsail loosed,

in the Thames. She was well found, well manned, well freighted, and ready to sail at a moment's notice. Before he left England forever, he thought he would go and take one more look at the old haunts that had always been so dear, that had witnessed the one great turning-point of his life; and thus it came to pass that Humphrey had met his former servant that afternoon in the park at Boughton, and sat at nightfall under the cedar, musing dreamily in the misty moonlight.

He was not angry with her now. The bitterness had all passed away. He could no more have chid her than one can chide the dying or the dead. Already they were parted as if the past had never been. He could never again suffer as he had done. The worst was over now. Ay, there was the light glimmering in her chamber; he could see it through the trees. Well, well; he had loved her very dearly once. It was no shame to confess it, he loved her very dearly still. Large tears welled up in his eyes. He knelt upon the bare turf, with his forehead against the gnarled trunk of the old cedar, and prayed for her from his heart. God bless her! God in heaven bless her! He should never see her more!

A dark figure rushed swiftly across the park. She stood before him in that pale moonlight, white and ghastly like a corpse in those mourning garments she had worn ever since the king's murder. As he rose to his feet she grasped his hand. How long

those two stood there without speaking, neither ever knew. It might have been a moment, it might have been an hour. Each heart beat thick and fast, yet neither spoke a syllable.

She broke the silence first.

"You would not go without bidding me good-by?" she said, and he felt her grasp tighter; then the proud head sank lower, lower still, till it rested upon his hand, and the hot tears gushed over it as she pressed it to her eyes, and she could say never another word than "Forgive me, forgive me, Humphrey!" again and again.

These scenes are all alike. Most of us have dreamt them; to some they have come true. None dare ignore them from their hearts. The moon rose higher and higher in the sky, and still they stood, those two, under the cedar, her wet face buried in his breast, his arm around her waist. They must have had much to tell each other, yet it is our own opinion that but little was said, and that little sufficiently unintelligible; but Humphrey Bosville never sailed for the Spanish Main, and that he had good reasons to forego his departure, we gather from the following reply to one of his whispered interrogatories under the cedar, murmured out in soft, broken tones by weeping, blushing, happy Mary Cave,—

"My own, you never knew it, but I loved you so fondly all the time!"

#### CHAPTER XLVI.—"THE FAIRY RING."

ONCE more we gather the friends, from whom we are about to part, in a fairy ring under the old oak-tree at Holmby. More than two lustres have elapsed, with their changes, political and private, since we saw them last,—lustres that have stolen on insensibly over many a birth and many a burial, over much that has been brought gradually to perfection, much that has wasted silently to decay. The man of destiny has gone to his account. The man of pleasure reigns, or rather revels, on his father's throne. All over England bells have rung, and barrels been broached to celebrate the restoration. A strong reaction, to which our countrymen are of all others in Europe the most subject, has set in against Puritanism, propriety, every thing that infers moderation or

restraint. Wine and wassail, dancing and drinking, quaint, strange oaths, and outward recklessness of demeanor, are the vogue; and decency, so long bound hand and foot in over-tight swaddling clothes, strips off her wrappers one by one, till there is no saying, where she may stop, and seems inclined to strike hands and join in with the frantic orgy, nude and shameless as a Bacchanal. As with boys fresh out of school, there is a mad whirl of liberty all over the playground ere each can settle steadily to his peculiar pleasure or pursuit. And the old oak looks down on all, majestic and unchanged. There may be a little less verdure about his feet, a few more tender chaplets budding on his lofty brows, a few less drops of sap in the hardening fibres of his massive girth, but what are a couple of

lustres to him? He stands like a Titan, rearing his head to heaven; and yet *his* time too will come at last.

He spreads his mighty arms over a happy party; not so noisy, perhaps (with one exception) as most such parties are in these roaring times, but one and all bearing on their countenances the stamp, which there is no mistaking, of a destiny worked out, of worthy longings fulfilled, above all, of a heart at peace with itself. They are well mounted, and have had to all appearance an excellent afternoon's sport; a brace of herons lie stricken to death on the sward, and Diamond herself, the long-lived child of air, proud, beautiful, and cruel, like a *Venus Victrix*, perches on her mistress' wrist, unhooded, to gaze upon the spoils. Grace Effingham takes but little notice of Diamond beyond an unconscious caress to her father's old favorite; for her attention, like that of others, is taken up by an addition to this familiar party, who seems indeed, as doubtless he esteems himself, the most important personage of the whole.

He is a bright, laughing child, of frank and sturdy bearing, not without a certain air of defiance. He has his mother's soft blue eyes and rich clustering hair, with something of the wilful tones and playfully imperious gestures which sat so well on the loveliest lady that adorned Henrietta's court, but his father's kindly disposition is stamped on his open, gentle brow, and his bonnie, rosy mouth. He has his father's courage, too, and physical delight in danger, as Mary often thinks with a glow of pride and happiness, while she watches him riding his pony lither and thither over fortuitous leaps, and galloping that obstinate little animal to and fro with reckless and uncalled-for speed.

A tall old man, his visage puckered into a thousand wrinkles, his spare form somewhat bent, but active and sinewy still, bends over the boy with assiduous tenderness, adjusting for the twentieth time the pony's saddle, which is always slipping out of its place. Hugh Dymocke has no children of his own — an omission on the part of Faith which does not, however, disturb their married harmony — and of all people on earth he is most devoted to the urchin, who never allows him to have a moment's peace. The two are inseparable. The child knows the whole history of the civil war, and the details of each of its

battles, as furnished with considerable embellishments by his friend, far better than his A B C. He believes stoutly that his father and Hugh are the two greatest and bravest men that ever lived, inclining to award the superiority, if any thing, to the latter, and that his own destiny must be necessarily to do precisely as they have done. Besides all this, Dymocke has taught him to ride, to fish, to play balloon, to use his plaything sword, and a host of bodily accomplishments; also he has promised to give him a cross-bow on his seventh birthday. Wherever little Master Humphrey is seen (and heard too, we may be sure), there is Dymocke not very far off. Faith, grown stout, easy, and slipshod, having, moreover, deteriorated in good looks as she has improved in amiability, gives her husband his own way on this single point, and no other. "Indeed, he's crazed about the child, and that's the truth," says Faith; generally adding, "I'm not surprised at it, for you wout see such another, not on a summer's day!"

They are all proud of him. Uncle Effingham, as the boy persists in calling George, with half a dozen little black-eyed darlings of his own, spoils him almost as much as Grace does. He is not a man of quips and cranks, and such merry conceits; but he has one or two private jests of their own with the little fellow, in which, judging from the explosions of laughter by which they are followed, there must be something irresistibly humorous, apparent only to the initiated. George's beard is quite white now, and the snowy locks which peep from under his beaver form no unpleasant contrast to his coal-black eyes, glittering with fire and intellect, and the swarthy glow on his firm healthy cheek. He is very happy, and obeys Grace implicitly in the most trifling matters. The only fault to be found in his strong, sensible character is that he defers too much to the whims and fancies of his pretty wife. Need we observe she has plenty of them ready for the purpose. The neighbors say she "rules him with a rod of iron," that she "bullies him," and "worries his life out," and "abuses his good-nature;" that "his stable contains a gray mare better than any horse," etc., etc.; but George knows better. He knows the depths of that fond, true heart; he knows that a word of tenderness from him can at any time bring the tears into those fawnlike eyes, which he still thinks as soft

and beautiful as ever. What though he does give her her own way in every thing! Does he not love her, and is she not his own?

So he works on manfully and fearlessly, doing his duty in that public life to which he has returned. His fanaticism has been disciplined to piety, his enthusiasm turned to patriotism; he is an able statesman and a valuable member of society. Probably little Humphrey is the only person in the world who thinks George Effingham "the funniest man he ever saw in his life!"

The young gentleman is an only child; need we say what is his parents' opinion of their treasure? Need we say how his father watches every turn of his countenance, every gesture of his graceful, childish limbs, and loves him best — if indeed he can be said to love him at any one time more than another — when he is a little wilful and a little saucy, when the blue eyes dance and sparkle, and the rosy lip curves upward, and the tiny hand turns outward from the wrist, with his mother's own gesture, and his mother's own beauty blooming once more, and radiant as it used to be long, long ago? He is Sir Humphrey Bosville now, knighted at Whitehall by his sovereign's hand; for prone as was the second Charles to forget faithful services, he could not for very shame pass over such devotion as Bosville's unnoticed and unrewarded.

"Odd's fish, man!" said the merry monarch, as he gave him the *accolade* with hearty good-will; "many a shrewd blow have you and I seen struck in our time, but never was one given and received so deservedly as this!"

But Sir Humphrey is all unchanged from the Humphrey Bosville of the queen's household and the king's guardroom. He rides may be a stone heavier or so upon his horse, but he rides him still like a true knight, fearless and loyal to his *devoir*, faithful and devoted to his lady-love — yes, she is his lady-love still — as dear, as precious now after years of marriage as when he took leave of her at Falmouth, and watched for the very glimmer of her taper to bid her his tacit farewell from under the cedar at Boughton. He has got the foolish sleeve-knot still, he has got one or two other equally trifling absurdities; perhaps they represent to him a treasure that is beyond all value here; that, unlike other treasures, he may peradventure take away with him hereafter.

And Mary, riding by her husband's side with calm, contented face, is no longer the proud, imperious Mary of the court — the spoiled beauty, whose intellect no statesman was to overreach, whose heart no gallant was to be able to touch. She has known real sorrow now, ay, and real, exquisite joy — such joy as dries up the very memory of pain with its searching beams. They have each left their traces on her countenance, and yet it is beautiful still with the placid and matronly beauty of the prime of womanhood. There may be a line or two on the sweet fair brow — nay, a thread of silver in the glossy, rippling hair; but there is a depth of unspeakable tenderness in the comely mask through which the spirit beams with more than its pristine brightness; and the lovelight in her eyes as she looks in her husband's face is unquenched, unquenchable.

Mary laughs, and says "she has grown into a fat old woman now;" and no doubt the graceful figure has become statelier in its proportions, and the court dresses of Oxford and Exeter would scarcely be induced to meet round the still shapely waist; but Humphrey cannot yet be brought to consider her as a very antiquated personage. He says, "she has always been exactly the same in his eyes;" and perhaps indeed the face he has learned so thoroughly by heart will never look like an old face to him.

She spoils him dreadfully — watches his every look, anticipates his slightest whim, and follows him about with her eyes with a fond admiration that she does not even try to conceal. She is always a little restless and out of spirits when away from him if only for a few hours; but she brightens up the moment they come together again. It seems as if she could never forget how near she once was to losing him altogether. She would not say a wry word to him to save her life; and she is angry with herself, though she cannot but confess its existence, at her jealousy of his lavishing too much affection even on her boy.

With all a mother's fondness she knows she loves the child ten times better that he is so like his father.

So the little fellow shoots out from amongst the group upon his pony, careering away over the upland like a wild thing, amidst the laughter and cheers of the lookers-on; and



they too move off at a steadier pace behind him, for the sun is already sinking, and the old trees' shadows are creeping and lengthening gradually to the eastward. They move off, and the old oak stands there, as he did in King James' time, when Sir Giles Allonby was young; as he will when that bright-haired child shall become a feeble, grayheaded man; when the actors and actresses in our histor-

ical drama shall be dead and buried and forgotten.

He is standing there now, though the scenes which we have shifted are scenes of full two hundred years ago. He will be standing there, in all probability, two hundred years hence, when we shall assuredly be past away and gone—past away from this earth and gone elsewhere—where?

**LONDON ART-UNION PRINTS.**—The prints issued by the Art-Union are a handsome engraving in line and stipple after Joseph J. Jenkins' "Come Along," and a quarto volume of thirty wood engravings by W. J. Linton, after deceased British artists. Jenkins' picture represents a scene in a field, with reapers in the distance. In the foreground a young man and pretty gleaner has just crossed a brook, and is encouraging a child, who has been following her, and hesitates on the other side of the stepping-stones. Very few artists equal Jenkins in his manner of giving at once a beau ideal of comeliness and the freedom of nature: the incident is pleasing of its kind, and it is in the artist's happiest manner. The engraving is excellent—delicate, forcible, genial, and full of color.

But the quarto volume will in future years often be taken from the library to show a triumph of wood engraving. We have sometimes wished that Bewick could have seen what his best pupil has accomplished in these later days, when the art of wood engraving has been so far developed. The list of thirty includes every variety that the English school has produced; from Reynolds and Hogarth, West and Morland, to Lawrence and John Martin, with Gainsborough, Haydon, Etty, and Turner. The manner is as different as the names. We have Haydon's heavy-limbed and heavy-tinted Curtius flinging himself down the chasm; Boddington's "Coast Scene," Fuseli's hard-featured "Witches in Macbeth," Liversidge's "Village Cobbler reading Cobbett's Register," Naysmith's "Scene in Sussex," Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode"—the contract-signing incident, Wilson's "Niobe," Barry's "Victors at Olympia," Copley Fielding's "Burlington Old Pier in a Squall," and many other works as various. The engraver had for his material wood, which is stubborn to shape and yet less tenacious than metal, capable only of being handled tenderly, so that however cut the fibres shall support each other. It is that unductile material out of which the wood engraver has literally to hew and carve his

drawing. But Linton is one of those artists who not only master the material but, thoroughly entering into the effect of the scene and every detail thereof, have, before the hand moves and while it moves, a clear perception of the effect to be produced, and of the way in which the material can bring it out. Thus, wood is made to do the work of the master's pen in sketching every play of feature, even as a Hogarth, or a Liversidge, could have done it for himself. Morland's old cob leaning against his trough in the stable represents the animal to the very hair; the huge supernatural drifting clouds and flooding light of Wilson's "Niobe;" the breezy atmosphere of Copley Fielding's "Coast Scene;" the transparent light of Boddington's sun glancing across the waters, with the vivid tints in the foreground, are as completely rendered as if the stubborn wood could be made to do the office of the pencil or the palette. There is the freedom, force, and character of Bewick with the degree of finish and completeness exacted by modern art.—*Spectator*.

**GEORGE HARVEY'S AULD LANG SYNE.**—Burn's ballad has been rendered in five illustrations by George Harvey, and they have been engraved in line by Lumb Stocks, and issued to subscribers of the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, making a very handsome volume. The several plates represent the two boys running about the brae, plucking gowans; one of the couple sitting footsore in a distant land gazing upon a daisy; the two again playing in the brook; the other one aloft in a ship at sea; and the two, in later life, drinking their "cup of kindness yet," in the heartiest fashion of Scotland. There is, indeed, so much Scottish character, so much natural truth in the scenes, and so good an artistic effect in the composition—well conveyed by the engraver—that we are not surprised at the popularity of the volume in Scotland.—*Spectator*.

## THE SOCIAL EVIL.

ONE of the most extraordinary meetings which it has been our duty to record for years past took place on Thursday morning (or rather the proceedings were to have commenced at midnight on Wednesday), at the St. James' Restaurant, St. James' Hall, No. 69 Regent Street, in connection with the important question of the great social evil. The meeting was none other than one of "fallen women," for the purposes of hearing prayer and addresses, and originated in this manner: Some gentlemen connected with the Country Towns' Missions, English Monthly Tract Society, Female Aid Society, London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution, the Trinity Home, and other institutions, feeling anxious for the welfare of the multitudes of fallen women who congregate every night in the Haymarket, Regent Street, and the principal casinos and cafés in the neighborhood, resolved, after mature consideration, to attempt to convene some of those unhappy persons in a suitable place near those localities, where judicious addresses might be given to be followed by prayer. The mode which to the conveners appeared most likely to succeed was to invite them to tea and coffee, and a neat card enclosed in an envelope was distributed amongst them at the casinos, cafés, and in the streets, indited as follows—"The favor of your company is requested by several friends, who will meet in the St. James' Restaurant, 69 Regent Street, to take tea and coffee together, on Wednesday night, Feb. 8, at twelve o'clock precisely." Some hundreds of these were distributed during the past few days, and, as will be seen, the experiment met with a great amount of success, notwithstanding that many treated the matter with ridicule, whilst numerous others thought the whole affair a hoax. Such, however, it did not turn out to be, for shortly before midnight, a large number of these unfortunate creatures arrived at the entrance to the St. James' Restaurant—the majority of them most fashionably attired, and displaying large quantities of jewellery, etc. Here they were shown into the large dining-room of the hall, capable of holding some hundreds of persons. There was an abundant supply of tea and coffee, with bread and butter, toast and cake, to which the strange assembly did ample justice, at the various tables about the room, and round which they clustered in small parties

of six or eight, chatting over the peculiarity of the meeting, and wondering what was to be the course of proceeding. The number gradually increased till there must have been at least two hundred and fifty persons present, and these were solely comprised of the unfortunate creatures whose moral and social condition the meeting had been convened to ameliorate, excepting some thirty or thirty-five clergymen and gentlemen who had been instrumental in calling the meeting. Of course, the meeting was not allowed to be a public one, so far as regarded the admission of male persons, for, had it been so, no doubt a very large number would have assembled from curiosity or some other motive. Whilst the repast was going on the principal gentlemen present mustered together at a conspicuous spot, for the purpose of addresses being delivered to the meeting. Shortly after one o'clock the Rev. Wm. Brock briefly opened the proceedings by stating the object of the meeting, and then an address was delivered by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, which was followed by prayers from the Rev. W. Brock, Rev. Mr. Houghton, Rev. W. O'Neile and others, and during their delivery a large number of the fallen sisterhood buried their faces in their handkerchiefs, and sobbed aloud; whilst more than one had to be removed in an almost unconscious condition from the room. It was announced that any present who repented their sins would be received into the London Reformatory or the Trinity Home, and that further arrangements would be made for the reception of others elsewhere, if funds could be provided. The meeting broke up about three o'clock. The conduct of those present was highly creditable, and quite void of levity or contumely, and the experiment so far appears to have been successful.—*Examiner* 11 Feb.

## RAILWAY ACROSS THE ANDES.

AT the weekly meeting of the Geographical Society on 23 Jan., Dr. Shaw read a paper on the "Proposed Railway across the Andes from Caldera to Rosario, *via* Cordova," by W. Wheelwright, Esq. The author, whose success in the establishment of steam communication along the shores of South America, and the construction of a railway across the Isthmus of Panama, is well known, has been engaged for several years in the construction of railways in Chili, in which he has had occasion to use sharp curves and steep

gradients. Among those already executed is that from Valparaiso to Santiago and Talcahuano; from Caldera to Copiapo, Pabellon, and Chanaxillo; and from Copiapo to Tres Puntos. In their construction he has used gradients of one hundred and fifty-two and two hundred and fifty feet per mile, and carried them to an elevation of six thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea. From their success the author is led to believe that by a similar system the Andes might be crossed and the rail run on to Rosario, *via* Cordova, a distance altogether of one thousand one hundred miles. The route has been carefully explored, the elevations fixed by barometrical measurement, and the Pass of San Francisco ascertained never to be blocked by snow, travellers crossing it at all seasons. The author is of opinion that the construction of such a railway, though difficult, is practicable, and the advantages that would accrue by opening up the South American States to commerce, the Rio de la Plata being navigable at the foot of Rosario for vessels drawing twelve feet of water, would be very great; in addition to which it was stated that it would place England within fifty days' communication of Australia. On the east of the Andes the slope is gradual and presents little difficulty, while on the western side the descent is very steep and would require severe gradients. The heavy traffic, consisting of minerals, would, however, be from the mountains to the shore, and the carriages would descend by their own weight, while the return traffic, consisting of lighter goods, might be drawn up the incline by powerful locomotives. It appears that the South American States are so fully alive to the advantages they will derive from the execution of this project that the Argentine Republic has offered a free grant of land, five miles in breadth, on either side of the railway. Admiral Fitzroy stated that he had the greatest confidence in Mr. Wheelwright, and believed the construction of the railway to be practicable, the only serious difficulty being for about thirty miles across the summit of the Andes, and, should it prove greater than could be overcome, common roads might be made for that portion of the route, and even with that break in the communication the railway would be of immense advantage. In answer to an objection from Mr. Hamilton, he stated that on some of the railways in Norway and in the United States gradients occur of one in thirty, and even as steep as one in twenty-five, and that powerful engines with ten wheels, four of them driving, have been constructed for drawing trains up these steep inclines. Captain Sullivan, R. N., drew attention to the navigability of the Rio de la Plata, stating that he had ascended to Rosario in a vessel of sixteen and a half feet draught of water.

## A TERRIBLE WINTER'S JOURNEY.

THE *Nor-Wester*, a new paper issued at the Red River Settlement, gives an account of the sufferings of a party who were lost on the prairie in the last part of December. It appears that a party of five men started from Georgetown, a newly formed station at the mouth of the Buffalo River, and about two hundred miles from the Red River Settlement, to go to Fort Garry. Their leader was a young man named Mackenzie, who had charge of the station. They expected to be about five days on the road, and took provisions for only that period. None of them had ever travelled the route, and they made the grave mistake of taking mules instead of dogs. They started Dec. 23. In two or three days their mules gave out. On the 29th, starvation stared them in the face, and the dull desperation of despair settled upon them as they realized that they were lost on a trackless prairie. On that day, Mr. Mackenzie and another of the party started ahead, in the hope that they should be able to reach Pembina, and send back assistance to their famishing companions. But at night they returned to camp, unsuccessful in their object. The next day, Mackenzie started alone, with the same object in view, but he did not survive the perils which beset him on every hand. On the following day, another man started for Pembina, and got through the same day. Assistance was immediately despatched to the remainder of the party, and after their relief, search was made for Mackenzie. His corpse was found after two days' search. The remainder of the sad story is told as follows:—

"After leaving his companions, he seems to have followed the trail for a considerable distance, and then to have lost his way. Night came upon him, and bewildered by the growing darkness and the drifting snow, he made towards a clump of trees, with the intention, probably, of kindling a fire. If such was his object he seems to have been unable to accomplish it; and his beaten track shows that to keep himself from freezing, he had spent the hours of that lonesome night in running round in a circle. With the break of day, he started again across the trackless waste, every step that he took carrying him further and further from the spot which he was straining every nerve to reach. Another weary day of fruitless travel was followed by a second night more dreary even than the first. Again he had managed to stave off what he must have felt to have been the hour of his dissolution by long hours of ceaseless activity. A third day's journey brought him towards Lac des Roseaux. Here he attempted to run round as before. But the strength and courage which had heretofore sustained him, now forsook him.

"He dragged his tired footsteps through the loose snow towards a tree, from which he plucked a branch and hung thereon a shred of his tattered coat as a signal to mark his dismal resting-place; he next tore off another branch of the same tree, which he placed as a pillow for his cold bed, and then laid upon it his weary head and died. The powerful body and determined spirit which had so long braved the merciless storm, in spite of hunger and fatigue, had at last succumb! His right hand was on his heart, and his left hung by his side, firmly holding a compass. The body gave indications of having undergone intense suffering. Some portions of it had been frozen and thawed many times in succession, before death intervened and released it from further anguish."—*Journal*.

#### THE McDONOGH ESTATE.

##### A LESSON FOR RICH MEN.

THE last nail has been driven into the coffin of John McDonogh's hopes—the last kick, given to the dead old miser. As if it were not enough to dissipate a large portion of his fortune on lawyers, executors, clerks, sheriffs, notaries, etc.,—to frustrate all his deeply cherished hopes and schemes of holding his property together as the "general estate," in all time to come—to throw into the market at one fell swoop, all those vast tracts of swamp and suburban land which he had so cunningly picked up at succession sales, and by speculative suits—now bid off lot by lot, arpent by arpent, to those small proprietors and capitalists from whose enterprise and industry he hoped his estates would, without expenditure or effort on his part, become a vast principality, whose proceeds, by re-investment, should eventually swallow up the whole state—and now portioned off between his two legatees, New Orleans and Baltimore, property which was to be, in all time, indivisible—the attempt to divide which was to involve a forfeiture of the legacy; as if there were not wrongs, insults, slights, and ungrateful treatment enough our council comes in to put the capshew upon this mountain of ingratitude, by coolly borrowing for its own use, at the moderate rate of six per cent, the whole amount from the sale of his "indivisible and inalienable estate."

Thus the abandoned and neglected young rake revels in the wealth of the grim old miser! Thus the savings of his struggling, ambitious, indefatigable, and grasping career of forty years, are absorbed by the very last persons to whom, in life, he would have thrown a copper in their direst extremity. Contractors on public work, office holders of extravagant tastes and insatiate appetites, public charities, and parades. Mayor Stith and his

secret police, and everybody else, but "the children of the industrious poor," will now handle the hard cash which he heaped up in the name of the Lord, and with the spirit and philanthropy of the Devil! To make the indignity greater, the "appropriation" is taken in the name and form of a loan! A loan, too, at six per cent! A loan to a city corporation, and that the corporation of New Orleans, from whose obligations the old usurer thought it, in his day, a poor business to realize less than twenty per cent!

This is worse than taking the money straight out; it is a mockery of the woe and wrongs of the old miser. The one would be downright robbery; the other is genteel appropriation. "Don't steal a horse—that is a crime; buy and not pay for him, like a gentleman," was the advice of a sagacious philosopher, which our council has adopted and acted upon. It is a theory—one of those delightful visions called fictions of the law—that the purposes and desires of testators shall be carried out as nearly as possible. Hence the instrument containing the last disposition of a man's property is called a "will." John McDonogh's will is a most formidable document, some thirty pages of foolscap, every word written in his own neat, plain, bold hand. Every able lawyer in the state was consulted in its preparation, and a number so consulted were cheated of their opinions by promises of remembrance in its dispositions. Even the advocates of Paris were asked their opinions. All concurred that his form and mode of disposing of his property were legal.

The characteristic of that will, its great and leading object and purpose, were the holding together and perpetuating the properties acquired by him in every part of the state, during his active life. To do this, and not so much in view of the good to be accomplished for humanity, his bequests were made in favor of charitable and educational institutions, to be established in the remote future, and to be supported out of a small fraction of the incomes of his property, which was to be leased out, but never on any account to be sold, never to lose the name and character of "part and parcel of the general estate of John McDonogh." Lo! now how this bright vision, which for so many years cheered the hours of labor, abstinence, and vexation passed by the old miser in that dingy old castle on the other side of the river, dissolves and vanishes! Not one—not the slightest of his wishes and desires, has ever been carried out. His evil genius has presided over all the dispositions of his property. Every thing has been done that he would have torn out his great, fierce, black eyes and trampled them in the dust to have prevented.

Instead of little children hanging garlands



on his tomb in grateful memory of his charities, the revels of office-holders, contractors, lawyers, clerks, collectors, and auctioneers will be the only manifestations of gratitude, the only tributes to this magniloquent philanthropy. Instead of the pious hymns and psalms which he provided should be taught in the schools, to be established out of the McDonogh fund, the "hip, hip, hurra," and the "clink, a clink, clink" of bonvivants and roysterers will be the only music to which his grand legacies will ever be attuned.—*N. O. Delta.*

## FRANKLIN.

So much public interest has recently been awakened in regard to Franklin's grave, that it will probably gratify your readers to know any circumstances which connect his name with old Christ Church.

It would appear from the records that he was a pew-holder there, from about the time of his marriage, in 1730, to the period of his decease, in 1790; that is, for sixty years. The records show the baptism of two of his children, Francis Folger, Sept. 16th, 1733, and Sarah, Oct. 27th, 1743; also the marriage of his daughter Sarah to Richard Bache, Oct. 29th, 1767.

His son Francis was buried in Christ Church ground, Nov. 1736; his wife, Dec. 22d, 1774; himself, April 21st, 1790; his daughter, Mrs. Bache, Oct. 7th, 1808, and her husband, Richard Bache, July 30th, 1811. These all lie by the side of each other.

In 1739, a subscription paper was drawn up, for raising funds to finish the new church, and Dr. Franklin's name appears on the subscription list. He also subscribed, in 1751, towards building a steeple and purchasing a chime of bells.

In 1752, and again in 1753, he was appointed by Vestry one of thirteen managers of a lottery, to raise twelve hundred pounds, for finishing the steeple, and paying for the bells.

The pew in Christ Church, which he held at the time of his death, he had rented for thirty years, at least, and probably much longer. It was afterwards held by his children, Mr. and Mrs. Bache. It is now pew No. 25, on the north side of the middle aisle.

The following extract of a letter, on the importance of going constantly to one's own church, and uniting in the services of our unrivalled liturgy, affords useful hints to many in our own day. It is addressed to his daughter, then only twenty years of age, on the eve of his sailing for England. It is taken from Sparks' *Life of Franklin*, vol. ii. p. 267.

"*Reedy Island, 7 at night, 8th Nov. 1754.*

"MY DEAR SALLY:— . . . Go constantly to church, whoever preaches. The act of de-

votion in the Common Prayer Book is your principal business there, and if properly attended to, will do more towards amending the heart than sermons generally do. For they were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom, than our common composers can pretend to be; and, therefore, I wish you would never miss the prayer days; yet I do not mean you should despise sermons, even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth. I am the more particular on this head, as you seemed to express a little before I came away, some inclination to leave our church, which I would not have you do.

"We expect to be at sea to-morrow, if this wind holds, after which I shall have no opportunity of writing to you, till I arrive (if it please God I do arrive) in England. I pray that his blessing may attend you, which is worth more than a thousand of mine, though they are never wanting. Give my love to your brother and sister, as I cannot write to them, and remember me affectionately to the young ladies your friends, and to our good neighbors. I am, my dear child, your affectionate father.

B. FRANKLIN."

While on this subject, I may mention that another name, greater even than Franklin's, is connected with our venerable Christ Church. Washington and his wife were constant worshippers there for six years, during his presidency, from 1790 to February, 1797. The pew built up and appropriated by the Vestry for the President of the United States, was a few pews back from the chancel, on the north side of the middle aisle. It was square, and occupied the space of two of the present pews.—*Banner of the Cross.*

NEXT to the golden brick [at the annual *soirée* given by the principal and masters of King's College, London], the most interesting object seemed to be Wheatstone's magnetic telegraph apparatus, which for simplicity and compactness seems superior to all at present in use—as it, of course, requires no battery, and can be worked without learning the usual code of signals. The latter result is accomplished by a series of wires answering to letters of the alphabet and numerals engraved above them, connected with keys like those of a flute, by pressing any one of which the current is directed through the corresponding wire, and causes the needle at the opposite end to point to the same letter. The patent was first taken out in 1839, but the machine exhibited on Thursday night was much improved in all respects, and exactly realizes the one conceived by Strada, and which the curious will find described in the

two hundred and forty-first number of the *Spectator*. But that it is somewhat long, we should have transcribed the paragraph—quoted though it has been before—for no account could be more perfect than the really prophetic one which saw the light so long ago as December 6, 1711.

And here we may observe that a really good edition of the *Spectator* has long been a desideratum. Particular portions have been dealt with; but the whole, as a picture of life and manners, needs, and would bear, a vast amount of illustration, which none but a man thoroughly versed in the Annian age is competent to supply. We observe an edition announced by Mr. Routledge, but the editor's name is not given, and we should decline to trust ourselves in such a matter in the hands of a mere hack. The book, too, is to be in four volumes, which we think a mistake. Few people read the *Spectator* except as a book of reference; and books of reference are most convenient in one volume.

#### THE JEWS UNDER THE PAPACY.

THE Jews in the papal territories have forwarded to the Jews in other parts of Europe an address, asking pity for their peculiar sufferings and aid in their unhappy condition. The address is directed, "The Israelites in Slavery in the Papal States to the Israelites in Freedom living in Other Parts of Europe." After referring to the general characteristics of the papal government, opposing all progress and stifling all free thought, the address recounts the insults and persecutions until recently inflicted on the Israelites in Rome, and then states the persecution to which they are still subjected:—

"We must call to your recollection how we are still compelled to drag out a wretched existence in the foulest, the filthiest, the most unhealthy parts of the different cities in which we are tolerated, parts which a Christian never traverses without deeming himself dishonored; that we are huddled together like wild beasts in the crumbling and close and fetid dens to which it were a mockery to give the name of dwelling-places; that we are not allowed to dedicate ourselves to the study of the sciences, to the cultivation of letters, to exercise even the vilest mechanical arts, not even agriculture. Nor are we permitted to cultivate music, which cheers the heart of miserable humanity. Woe to the Hebrew who should dare to sing or to play in any public assembly—the police and the Inquisition would vie with each other in tormenting him and in stripping him of the little money he possessed. We have no longer the actual

gates which close in our Ghetto, which reminded us that we were in a permanent condition of cruel imprisonment; yet other mysterious and invisible gates repel us from contact with the people, and impede the throbbings of our hearts, silence our voices, stifle our groans, and kill our thoughts. Nor are we so much as secure in the affections of our family, for the existence of that family, in defiance of nature and of the Creator, is not recognized nor guaranteed. We are ignorant if we have father, mother, brother, sister, wife, children. These dear names, which comprise such grateful affections, we are never certain to be able to pronounce; nor at the moment of quitting life can we reckon that our eyes shall be closed and our parched lips moistened for the last time by our dearest kindred. The seduction, the adultery, the rape of our women, the carrying away of our sons, are not regarded as crimes when committed by a Christian, but as meritorious works.

"Consequently, we are never in the secure possession of the sweet company of our family, and, in that, we are kept even below the level of the brutes; finally, we are considered as the filthiest and vilest merchandise. We are not permitted to travel with a passport alone, we require the permission of the Inquisition, and without this permission we are liable in setting out, or on stopping at any place, or on returning, to be visited with imprisonment and fines; even the killing of one of our brethren, because he is regarded as an infidel, has a less punishment than the killing of a Christian. Thefts, extortions, wounds, blows, insults, and every species of injury committed against us never arrest the attention of justice, and only by very heavy bribes, extortions of every kind, by immense sacrifices, are we scarcely able to get listened to.

"From what is set forth you may easily understand how sad and wretched is our lot, and will not you, dear brethren, and will not you exert yourselves that our lot may be somewhat mitigated? You are rich, you are industrious, you are powerful, and you may enjoy all civil and political rights amongst free nations; employ those rights, therefore, in our favor. Open a pecuniary subscription, destined to free us from the Roman slavery; pay this tribute to the impulses of your magnanimous heart, to relieve so many of your most unhappy co-religionists. The supreme God, blessing your intentions, appreciating the sincere sacrifice which you will make of your worldly goods for this holy cause, will bestow on you a fitting reward, and impartial history will register this new page of glory in the annals of the deeds of the people of Israel."

M. KOSSUTH has addressed a long letter on the state of Hungary to certain gentlemen of Glasgow, who desired his opinion as to the advisability of any public demonstration on behalf of his country. To this inquiry the exile answers in the affirmative, and after pointing out the prominent position now occupied by Hungary in the eyes of Europe, compared to that which it held a dozen years ago, he says:—"The short campaign in Italy has so utterly destroyed the false prestige of power which Austria enjoyed, not only during the late Crimean, but even on the eve of the Italian, war—and the reports (however imperfect) of what is passing throughout the Austrian provinces, and in Hungary in particular, have to such an extent laid bare the utter rottenness of that abnormal, artificial, and iniquitous fabric, called the Austrian empire, that—to use the words of the *Times*, Dec. 27—"it is now generally acknowledged that there is no hope for the Austrian empire, and that the Austrian rulers are carried spellbound to destruction." Spellbound or not, they are hurrying to destruction. Francis Joseph of Austria is now both the nuisance and the 'sick man' of Europe. The opinion that there is no hope for that 'sick man' is perfectly well founded." He then insists upon the long series of injustice and oppression of Austria towards his unhappy nation, and the thorough disaffection of Hungarian soldiers towards their sovereign, and asks:—"Then, what is there within the range of imagination that might yet possibly save him for a little while longer? If foreign intervention does not, nothing will. That is the practical point of the question, gentlemen! Now it is certainly very gratifying to see the progress which has of late been made in the acknowledgment of the principle that interference by foreign force is inadmissible with the right of nations to regulate their own domestic affairs, including form and manner of government."

## FINE ARTS.

OERTEL has on his easel, in preparation for the spring exhibition of the Academy, a sacred piece of unusual attraction—"The Walk to Emmaus." The canvas is about five feet by four, and the figures—three in number—are three-fourths life size. They consist of the Saviour—after his resurrection, it will be remembered—and the two disciples whom he joined in their walk; and the time chosen by the artist is that subsequently spoken of by the two, when they said: "Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way?" The central figure is that of Christ;

and in it the artist has succeeded in blending the natural and the spiritual, the human and the Divine, in a manner truly wonderful. The face, in its calm and beautiful repose, is one never to be forgotten—and not only to remember, but to love and to adore. By the side of this figure, to the right, stands one of the disciples, with his hands clasped, and his honest countenance full of overpowering wonder. At the left stands the other disciple, gazing earnestly in the Saviour's face. The three figures, in character, are as diverse from each other as possible. Each forms a study by itself. In the distance, we were told, is to be a view of Jerusalem, as yet only indicated on the canvas.

Miss Stebbins, an American artist now in Paris, is pronounced by the Parisians, and others who have visited her studio, a genius of no common order. With very slight instruction and experience, she models and handles the chisel with the ease and effect of an accomplished sculptor. She has just completed a pair of statuettes, twenty-eight inches high, for Mr. Heckscher, of New York, which are attracting much attention. The one is a miner and the other a sailor, the idea being to characterize two of the chief industrial pursuits of the United States. What is specially remarkable about these figures is that they are in modern costume, a kind of drapery eschewed by sculptors, under the impression that it is fatal to the idealization and consequently to the eminence of art. On the contrary, these statuettes are said to be full of the sentiment and poetry of miner and sailor life.

Mr. Tilton, a young American painter, also now in Paris, whose early efforts here were not considered particularly promising, is also announced as having achieved a high popularity abroad. This he has chiefly accomplished, it is said, by his superior skill in the handling of colors. He has adopted the Venetian school, which we believe, forbids the mixing of pigments, and, by patient industry, is enabled to produce tints on canvas of the transparent brilliancy of nature. The English are his great admirers, and he is full of orders from them.

Rossiter's new scriptural paintings "Jeremiah Rehearsing his Last Lamentation to the Prophets and Chief Captives of Babylon," "Noah and his Family Watching the Dove," and "Miriam Singing her Song of Triumph," are at present on exhibition at the corner of Broadway and Ninth Street. We shall take an early opportunity of referring at length to these remarkable works of art.—*N. Y. Evening Post*, 9 Feb.

## A LETTER FROM THE POPE.

THE *Indépendance Belge* publishes in its entirety the letter addressed by Pope Pius to the Emperor Napoleon, in answer to the advice tendered him by his majesty. We subjoin a translation:—

"SIRE,—I have received the letter which your majesty has had the goodness to write to me, and I reply to it without evasion and with an open heart. In commencing, I do not hide from myself the difficult position of your majesty; I see it in all its gravity. Your majesty could leave this position by some decisive measure which perhaps excites your repugnance, and it is precisely because you find yourself in this position that you advise me again, for the peace of Europe, to cede the insurgent provinces, while assuring me that the powers will guarantee to the pope those which remain to him.

A project of this nature presents insurmountable difficulties, and to become convinced of it it is sufficient to reflect upon my situation, my sacred character, and the right of the holy see—rights which are not those of a dynasty, but of all Catholics. The difficulties are insurmountable, because I cannot cede that which does not belong to me, and because I see but too clearly that the victory which would be given to the revolutionists of the legations would serve as a pretext and encouragement to the native and foreign revolutionists of the other provinces, to play the same game, seeing the success of the first; and when I say revolutionists, I speak of the least considerable and the most audacious part of the populations.

The powers, you say, will guarantee the rest; but in the grave and extraordinary cases which are to be foreseen, and considering the numerous aids which the inhabitants receive from without, will it be possible for the powers to use their force in an efficacious manner? If that is not so, your majesty will be persuaded with me that the usurpers of others' goods, and the revolutionists, are invincible when they are only met by means of reasoning.

However that may be, I am compelled to declare openly that I cannot cede the legations without violating the solemn oaths which bind me; without producing a disaster and a shock in the other provinces; without bringing wrong and shame upon all Catholics; without weakening the rights, not only of the

sovereigns of Italy, unjustly despoiled of their domains, but of the sovereigns of the whole Christian world, who cannot see the destruction of certain principles with indifference.

Your majesty makes the repose of Europe, to depend upon the cession by the pope of the legations, which for fifty years have caused so much embarrassment to the pontifical government; but as I promised in beginning this letter to speak openly, let me be permitted to return to the argument. Who can count the revolutions which have occurred in France during the last sixty-six years? But at the same time who will dare to say to the great French nation, that for the repose of Europe it is necessary to restrain the limits of the empire? The argument proves too much; accordingly, permit me to reject it. And, moreover, your majesty is not ignorant by what persons, with what funds, with what support the late attempts at Bologna, Ravenna, and other cities, have been made. Almost the entire population remained terror-stricken at the movement, which no one expected, and which they were not disposed to follow. But your majesty observes that, if I had accepted the project expressed in the letter which you sent me through M. Meneval, the insurgent provinces would be now under my authority. To tell the truth, this letter was opposed to that with which you honored me before the commencement of the Italian campaign, and in which you gave me consoling assurances, without causing me any trouble. However, the letter to which you allude proposed to me in its first part a project as inadmissible as the present; and, as to the second part, I believe I have adopted it, as the documents consigned to the hands of your ambassador at Rome will show.

I see also this phrase of your majesty, that if I had accepted this project, I should have preserved my authority over these provinces—an expression which seems to denote that at the point at which we have arrived they are lost to me forever. Sire, I pray you, in the name of the Church, and also in your own interest, so to act that my apprehension be not justified. Certain memoirs, called secret, tell me that the Emperor Napoleon I. has left to his family warnings worthy of a Christian philosopher who in adversity found resources and alleviation in religion alone. It is certain that we shall all shortly appear before the Supreme Tribunal to render a strict account of all our deeds, our words, and our thoughts. Endeavor, then, to appear before this great tribunal of God in such a way as to experience the effects of his pity, and not those of his justice. I speak thus to you in my character of father, which gives me the



right to tell the whole truth to my sons, however elevated their position in this world. For the rest, I thank you for your friendly expressions in my regard, and for the assurance you give me that you wish to continue to me the solicitude which you say you have had for me up to the present time. It only remains to me to pray God to pour upon you, upon the empress, and upon the young imperial prince, the abundance of his blessings.

PIUS IX.

At the Vatican, January 8, 1860.

[The Encyclical Letter is a repetition of this, though with some mollification.]

#### IMPERIAL REPLY TO THE ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

THE *Constitutionnel* of Tuesday publishes the following article in prominent type:—"The sovereign pontiff has just addressed an encyclical letter to all the bishops. We at first doubted whether we were legally authorized to publish that document. The organic law which regulates the relationship of the political power of our country with the Court of Rome leaves no doubt upon this question, and resolves it negatively. In fact, Art. I of that law says: 'No bull, rescript, decree, mandate, provision, signature serving as provision, nor other documents (*expeditions*) from the Court of Rome, even when only concerning private individuals, may be received, printed, or otherwise made public, without the permission of the government.' This enactment is formal, and we could not have infringed it had not the moderation and the toleration of the administration thought fit to derogate from so absolute a prohibition. We were informed this evening, with our contemporaries, that we might reproduce the pontifical letter without impropriety. This letter is a declaration from the head of the Church addressed to his venerable brothers of the episcopacy. On the first grounds, it imposes upon us a respect which we shall scrupulously observe. But it does not concern questions of faith, for the settlement of which the authority of the pope is only absolute when conformable to the sacred canons, and in accord with the universal consent of the assembled Church. A political question alone is here under consideration, and on this point the competency of the Court of Rome could not be admitted without disavowing all the traditions of the Church of France. The memorable declaration of 1682, to which the name of Bossuet is so gloriously attached, says textually: 'That St. Peter and his successors, vicars of Jesus Christ, and that the whole Church itself, have only received power from God for spiritual things, and which concern salvation, and not temporal and civil things.' Thus, in the encyclical letter of

the 19th of January it is the temporal sovereign who speaks in the name of a temporal interest, but in the forms and with the particular character which appertain to the head of the Church. There is, then, here, an abuse of jurisdiction, which, without dispensing us from a respectful deference, cannot prevent a free judgment. Let us not hesitate to express our full opinion. The adversaries of the papacy have always reproached it for its efforts to overstep the spiritual domain which is exclusively its own. They have raised against it the minds of many independent men who refused their submission except in matters of faith. It was in wishing 'to subject, according to the very terms of the declaration of 1682, kings and sovereigns to the ecclesiastical power,' that whole nations were alienated from that unity of which Rome is the centre. Thanks to Heaven, we are no longer in the times of schisms and heresies; and our epoch is too enlightened for such distractions ever to arise from a passing misunderstanding. But it is impossible for us not to deplore the attitude which has been forced upon Pius IX., under circumstances when the spirit of conciliation appeared as if it ought to ally itself so well with the august character of the holy father. Is it not sad to see in so grave a document as that of which we speak the eternal cause of the Church mixed up with and lowered by interests so little worthy of it, and associated with the fortunes of those princes who, in Italy, maintained themselves by the arms of Austria, and could not return there except at her back? In fact, one of the reasons given in the letter of the pope for refusing the separation of the Romagna is, that he could not abdicate that portion of his territory without '*detriment to the rights of the princes of Italy, who have been unjustly despoiled of their domains.*' Here we have, then, the head of the Church making himself, as in the days of Boniface VIII. and Innocent XII., the arbitrator of political sovereignties! And, mark it well! this theocratical arbitration, which in our day would be the most dangerous prerogative for the papacy, is, by a strange contrast, only the undeniable proof of his dependency; for, before as after the war of Italy, we find Rome bent under the influence of Austria,—under that influence which Father Lacordaire so justly considered a cause of decline and fall of the holy see. We should pity French Catholics who could not feel the sad position assumed by the papacy coming forward to restore against the popular will princes who, having fallen at Solferino, had no other refuge than the baggage-train of Austria. This position deceives the hopes of all those who would have liked to see the head of Christianity resume the *prestige* of

his political power in his union with regenerated Italy. The encyclical letter will doubtless serve as a rallying point for many passions which have nothing French or Christian about them, and which will wrongly endeavor to abuse the authority of this document and its venerable origin. We do not fear that they will succeed, for the policy of the emperor cannot give occasion, we are certain, to any legitimate anxiety. The emperor, inspired by a devotion which for ten years has never belied itself one single day, first counselled to the pope reforms which might have saved the integrity of his dominions. Those counsels were rejected; the evil has become aggravated, and now it seems no longer possible to lead back the populations of the Romagna, unless compelling them by force. The emperor thought that it was more advantageous for the pope to give up the Romagna than to reconquer it at the cost of the blood of his subjects by foreign intervention. He said so sincerely to the holy father in a letter worthy of the eldest son of the Church and of the sovereign of France. The pope was at liberty to follow or reject that advice. He rejects it. We are far from contesting his right to do so, and we have the conviction that the advice of France will never be turned into menace or constraint. Thus, then, the duty of France is fulfilled. The injustice towards her, however great it may be, will not have the power to make her desert her task of moderation and protection. At Rome she would still, if needs be, defend the pope against anarchy; but if the political authority of the holy father everywhere else is destined to go through other crises, the responsibility must not fall upon the generous nation which has done every thing to obviate them, and which will be always ready to grant that trusty support which is ignored today."

#### THE POPE AND THE TIMES.

THE following letter from the *Post* correspondent in Rome gives the history of the wise proceedings of the papal government against Signor Gallenga, the special correspondent of the *Times*, whose letters from Florence have attracted so much public attention for some months past: "Rome, Jan. 28. —The government of his holiness, irritated no doubt by the exposures of the foreign press, has resolved to take the bull by the horns, and to confront the awful majesty of the London *Times* in the person of its special correspondent, Signor Gallenga, who, after having supplied the British public with information respecting events in Central Italy during the summer and autumn, in a series of letters duly published in the columns of your

contemporary, arrived here a few days ago with the intention of fulfilling the same office in the Eternal City. On sending his passport, an English one, as he is a naturalized British subject, to the police authorities, Signor Gallenga received in return the usual printed formula, allowing him to reside in Rome for three months. On the strength of this document he engaged a suite of apartments in the Palazzo Ceva, and announced to his lady, who was waiting at Florence, that she might set out thence with her children and servants to join him here. Meanwhile, his pen commenced its career of criticism upon clerical doings; and the *Times*, which we received this morning, contained the first of his series of Roman letters. Having resided here unmolested for seven months last season, Signor Gallenga was now under no kind of apprehension for his personal tranquillity, especially as he had obtained his *carta di sicurezza*, or permission to reside; but in the beginning of this week he received a note from the police, informing him that the director, Monsignor Matteucci, requested him to make immediate arrangements for leaving Rome, and would allow him a lapse of three days for that purpose. Annoyed at such a disarrangement of his plans, Signor Gallenga requested the interposition of Mr. Odo Russell's good offices, with a view to modifying the severity of the police authorities; but Mr. Russell's position here only admitting of officious relations with the government, the conduct of the affair was referred to Mr. Newton, the British consul. Monsignor Berardi, under secretary of state, and Monsignor Matteucci, director of police, both displayed their firm intention to abide by their decision of not allowing Signor Gallenga to remain in Rome; but, recognizing that he had to a certain degree been hardly dealt with, in having been allowed permission to reside in the first instance, and consequently led to make arrangements for his apartments and the arrival of his family, Monsignor Berardi appeared to admit the justice of Signor Gallenga's claim for compensation, and to hint that the government would not be disinclined to grant it. The claim, after all, will not be very ruinous to the government, as it only consists of three months' hire for apartments in the Palazzo Ceva, and the travelling expenses of his wife and family from Florence. A respite in the period originally assigned for his departure has been also granted, which period expires this day. It remains to be proved whether this measure has been adopted against Signor Gallenga in his individual character, or as the *Times* correspondent. On the one hand, it may be urged that he resided here unmolested all last winter, and, on the other, it may be replied that many correspondents of the *Times* and other journals have

at various periods exercised their functions in the Eternal City without let or hinderance from the government of his holiness."

As to the expelled gentleman himself, the pope has conferred upon him the highest compliment that could have been paid to his writings; and if he has been personally inconvenienced, he will be amply revenged by the additional disgrace which the government of his holiness has brought upon itself by its spiteful conduct. "The papacy," says the *Times*, in noticing this occurrence, "has a long account to settle with civilization. A reckoning is at hand, and then the expulsion of this gentleman will be remembered as one of the most foolish acts of which Cardinal Antonelli and his satellites have been guilty."

Two semi-official pamphlets, both in reply to the famous "Le Pape et le Congrès," have simultaneously appeared in Paris. The first, entitled "La Maison de Lorraine et l'Opinion Publique," is generally believed to emanate directly from the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and the second a larger work, accompanied by numerous documents, entitled "La Duchesse de Parme devant l'Europe," is said to come from the princess named in the title. Its ostensible author, however, is M. Henry de Riancey, editor of the *Union*.—*Spectator*.

From The Economist, 4 Feb.

#### THE BREACH BETWEEN THE EMPEROR AND THE POPE, AND ITS RESULTS.

THE suppression of the *Univers* will ever mark a critical era in the second Bonapartist empire; and we must avow our conviction that if the anti-papal policy which has dictated this measure be boldly persisted in, it will be a better guarantee of a good understanding with England than even common action in favor of the principles of commercial freedom. Both the blow to protection, and the blow to papal interference in France, have indeed been struck without any appeal to the nation, or any indisputable evidence of popular approval. Neither the one nor the other is the yield of public opinion legitimately consulted. In both cases alike, the emperor has arrogated to himself the task of acting as the organ of France, and though in both cases alike he has decided the question rightly on its merits, he may very likely have decided both questions in a manner which would find no triumphant support from the present state of national opinion. But in the present form of the French constitution, the principle that even a misjudging self-government is superior to a right-judging system of dictation has been deliberately rejected. It is assumed, once for all, that when government sees the popular mind deviating widely from its own

standard of wisdom and right, it ought to guide, restrain, and even suppress. The assumption that public conviction ought to precede distinctly governmental action is denied. On the contrary, government undertakes, to some extent, to form public conviction by its acts,—to warn it of its errors,—to resist its misdirected impulses.

Hence all the enlightenment of the French government is apt to take a despotic and didactic shape. The emperor does not even consult his council about free trade in France, but gives effect to Mr. Cobden's views, in his treaty with England, with the imperative fiat of a Russian czar, instead of after such a prolonged agitation as that of the Anti-Corn Law League. He does not ask any one's advice in his conflict with the pope, but warns and suppresses the *Univers* with far less appearance of irritation than England showed on occasion of the famous papal aggression. He is content, if he has just enough opinion on his own side to hold in check the opinion that is hostile to him;—he decides for the country he rules, and often in a manner not in accordance with its principles. England cannot and ought not to be expected to approve of this. We cannot be expected to approve such peremptory acts as the prohibition of the publication of Ultramontane opinions, and the repeal of a system of monopoly without the country's initiative. But thus much we may say, that if a despotic government is to throw its weight into one scale or the other, it is probably better that it should throw it into the right scale than into the wrong. If the imperial government were to give its unqualified support to a system of monopoly, not only would the material interests of the country be injured, but every year the wholesome influences of other nations upon it would be diminished. If it were to give its unqualified support to a sacerdotal rule, not only would the political government of the country be injured, but there is danger that the germs of political wisdom might be destroyed altogether. And it is a mistake to suppose that France could, on her present system of government, adopt a neutral course. The monopolistic system now to be superseded was as arbitrary, as little the fair decision of the national will, as the free-trade system which follows it. While the *Univers* was petted by the government, the Ultramontane party had as much the advantage as the Gallican party will now obtain. Under such a system, no government can be impartial, because it has no test by which to be guided but its own bias and will. It is probably better, therefore, it should be peremptorily right than peremptorily wrong.

With these qualifications,—while always maintaining that it were far better for the

people of France to be supporting all sorts of evils, economical, ecclesiastical, and political, in the mere ignorance and inexperience of self-government, than to be led thus passively by even so astute a statesman as Louis Napoleon,—we may be allowed to rejoice that his government has taken a definitive part against the papal party in the Church instead of with it. It is, we believe, the great crisis in the history of the second empire. For the emperor, choosing as he does to be entirely independent of the views of his own subjects, cannot yet work effectually without a certain share of external approval to support him. His uncle, indeed, never depended much on any thing but force of arms. He seldom had any important allies who were not his allies only because they feared to be his enemies. But the present emperor cannot work mainly by the aid of armies and military power. He has always shown himself very sensitive to the drift of European opinion, and when he cuts himself off from the good-will of one great power, it always turns out that he has secured the good-will of another even more important. Without the understanding with Russia, he would never have gone into the Italian campaign; without the encouragement of England, he would never have modified the stipulations of Villafranca. If, then, he is now willing to brave the anger of the pope, we may be sure that he intends to work to the utmost advantage of a cordial understanding with those powers who most abhor ultramontane politics. The emperor of the French never wastes a step of this kind. In his resistance to the priesthood, he knows that he encounters a formidable power, as well as in his resistance to the protectionists. The natural counterweight to such a loss of strength is cordial unity with England and North Italy, and all powers which adhere to the same principles. And, inasmuch as the papal power is greater, more subtle, more lasting, more unscrupulous, and more fertile in its resources than the protectionist power, so far will that policy of opposition to Rome which the government of France is now entering upon, be more likely to render an English support permanently important and even necessary for France, than even the opposition to a policy of monopoly. The latter is comparatively insignificant, though a noisy and furious, interest. Its influence cannot outlast the first shock of the change to free trade. But the pope, once turned into an enemy, the forty thousand clergy who are more or less under his influence, and the vast numbers of the French population who are more or less under their influence, will be a permanent anxiety to the French government, and a permanent reason for seeking all the aid in French and European opinion which a cor-

dial adherence to liberal tendencies will give.

And though, therefore, we would much rather have seen an assimilation of French and English political convictions begin with an enlargement of the scope of free discussion, than in an arbitrary check even to papal interference, we have some hope that if this policy be fairly persevered in, it may end where it might better, perhaps, have begun. If the government of France appeals to the liberal spirit of French science and economy, and to the hearty support of Sardinia and England, then it cannot be entirely proof against the influence of the practical example of these countries on the constitutional forms of France.

The emperor, who, after ten years' rule, has found himself strong enough to dispense with the support of the French hierarchy, may find out before ten years more have elapsed that he needs the only support which can effectually neutralize the influence of a united hierarchy,—some *organic* expression of the independent thought and feeling of the country. In this way, we think it is not unreasonable to expect that the breach between the papacy and the emperor may end in the concession of something more like constitutionalism than would have been likely so long as the Roman power and the French government were at one.

From The Economist, 4 Feb.

#### PIEDMONT, FRANCE, AND SAVOY.

No one, we suppose, is surprised to find that France did not make war merely "for an idea," but with a substantial gain in view, which, if not very rich in apparent value, has an ideal value of its own, inasmuch as it is the gain of a step towards having a "natural boundary" for France,—an aspiration which has always haunted the house of Bonaparte,—and the legitimate consequences of which would involve an extension to the Rhine. No one is surprised, and, of course, no one is much pleased. But we think the true proportions of the Savoy question are somewhat misunderstood by the English press in general. We are inclined to doubt the very large importance of the question from the European point of view,—the balance of power point of view. We do not think it can be much overrated from the Savoyard point of view,—the point of view of the inhabitants whose transfer to another rule is contemplated.

With regard to the European point of view, we do not believe that the possession of the Savoy mountains would greatly increase the power of France over Italy. Whether for friendly or hostile purposes, the Gulf of Genoa is probably now the most eligible



pathway to Italy for a power so great on the sea as France. She has been near enough for a long time to domineer a good deal over Sardinia, had she been so disposed. But she has found a better opportunity in Rome, which is far off, than in Turin, which is close at hand. The truth is, distance makes little difference to such a power as France,—it is broad opportunity, not highways, which give her an advantage. And opportunities will in a thousand ways be lessened, instead of increased, by the union of all the lesser states of North Italy under one strong central government. The counterpoise against French influence will be far more powerfully increased by the union under Sardinia, than it can possibly be diminished by the addition of Savoy,—or even of Savoy and Nice,—to France. It is in weak and divided states that foreign powers obtain an undue power of interference. Sardinia, after her accessions,—especially if Venetia be added to Lombardy, which is hinted at,—ought to be, and we trust will be, a powerful and united kingdom. We may well hope that Savoy is but as a grain in the French balance, as compared with Central Italy in the Sardinian.

The objection, that to concede any thing to the "natural boundary" aspirations of the Bonapartes is to excite the fears of numberless Germans and to whet the appetite of France, is more important. And even if Savoy were to be annexed to France, this ground ought to be formally repudiated by all the great powers as untenable, dangerous, and in every way inadmissible. But this objection touches only the "consideration" alleged for the act of concession, not the results of that act itself.

But when we turn from the exterior view of the matter to the interior view of it, there seems to us to be a much graver question involved. Transfer should imply property, or a power to transfer; and it is scarcely necessary to observe that neither had France, at the time of the treaty of Villafranca, any property in the millions of Lombardy, nor has Sardinia any such property in the sparse population of Savoy. It would be an anomaly not unlike the act of a member of parliament who should attempt arbitrarily to transfer his constituency to the care of another,—and of one, moreover, who had already paraded his contempt for any conscientious discharge of the duties of a representative,—if Sardinia were to transfer her Savoy subjects to the care of France without consent of theirs. Nor do we apprehend that any thing of the kind will be attempted. The emperor of the French has always shown an exceptional respect for the constitutional form of

polling populations *en masse*. And we have little doubt that, if an eager desire for Savoy is felt by the government of France, the means are preparing for doing all that is possible to attain a favorable verdict from the masses of the people.

But it is extremely important that England should use her utmost efforts to see not only that such a question is fairly submitted to the people of Savoy, but that it is submitted to them without any influences likely to bias their judgment. The Chambery meeting seems to have been, in spite of the misrepresentations of the French papers, really important and unanimously loyal to the Piedmontese Government. The address there adopted says:—"We declare our respect, our love, and national fidelity to the loyal and chivalrous Victor Emmanuel II. We are resolved to remain free under the constitutional charter which the magnanimous Charles Albert gave to the nation;" and we are told that the reply read by the governor from a Turin despatch, that "the government never entertained the idea of ceding Savoy to France," was received with a real burst of popular enthusiasm. If this be a true report of what occurred at Chambery, there seems good reason to admit a deep vein of conservative loyalty in Savoy. Whether that feeling exist or not,—it would ill become England, after a long and faithful defence of the principle of non-interference with the will of the populations of Central Italy, to permit any tampering with the will of the people of Savoy, merely because the country is so poor and small. It is worse to wrench away a contented country from its natural government, than to impede the formation of a natural government in a disturbed and discontented country. In the one case you are destroying a rightful and existing social order,—in the other, you are only impeding an experiment, very hopeful possibility, but still an experiment for the future. If it is a political crime to veto Tuscany's desire to try annexation to Sardinia,—it is a worse political crime to sever violently the attachment of Savoy to its constitution and monarch. There are not too many well-satisfied nations on the continent of Europe. If Savoy be one of them, let us do all in our power to enable her to hold her place. And in any case let our ministry insist on fair play; let us have every guarantee that the population are consulted fairly, and not bribed or menaced into the arms of France. If Savoy wishes to belong to France, we see no European reason against it. If she does not, we see in any attempt to force her inclination a political crime of the deepest dye.

From The Economist, 11 Feb.  
THE PROPOSITIONS OF ENGLAND ON THE  
AFFAIRS OF ITALY.

WE know that it has been a matter of reproach against the present government that it has renewed the attempt to settle the affairs of Italy by making propositions to the other powers. It is said,—and this argument is calculated to bear with great effect on those who only see the external view of Italian politics,—that England had nothing to do but to protest against any forcible interference in the affairs of Italy, and so prolong the time during which the Italians might deal unmolested with their own affairs. This answer would be complete if it were true that the Italians are now at liberty to deal unmolested with their own affairs, or even that they could rely with certainty on French forbearance, were they to do so. The truth is, that Italy has not, as is generally supposed, at the present moment a free breathing space for political organization. The states of Central Italy are in a condition of the most exciting political suspense. Sardinia on the one hand Tuscany and Parma and Modena on the other, dare take no step forward towards the aim which they are keeping before them. Sardinia dares not send troops into Central Italy,—Central Italy can get no nearer to identification with Sardinia,—until all parties are assured that such a step will not be followed by the public disavowal of France, and an intimation to Austria that the field will be left open for her interference if she choose to take steps with that view.

That England, in attempting to obtain from France and the other European powers an express admission of the right of Italy to take the decision of things now into her own hands, has not been guilty of a work of meddling supererogation, no one who knows what is really going on in Italy will believe. Because no foreign intervention has yet taken place, or is even immediately anticipated, people are apt to infer that the interior of Italy is practically left at liberty to cement the union with Sardinia. The truth is, however, that Austria and the grand dukes are watching Italy from the Venetian side with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, eager for some ostensible act of "intervention" on the part of Sardinia in Central Italy,—that a Neapolitan army, guided by papal sympathies, is watching the Romagna for the same event,—while France, whose protection, if certain, would render both Austrian and Neapolitan armies empty threats, is on very uncomfortable terms with Sardinia, and apparently trying to wrest Savoy and Nice from her as the condition of any further assistance. What the present state of Central Italy now is, no

one has described better than M. Peyrat, the eminent writer in the French *Presse*, who has only just returned from a tour in the disturbed states. Let him be our witness to the truth of the assertion, that it is no spirit of diplomatic meddling which has induced England to make her recent propositions to the other great European powers. M. Peyrat thus describes his impressions of the public feeling in Italy: "We return to Paris, with this deep conviction, that Italy has never been, morally, in a more violent condition. Everywhere we have met with the same patriotism, the same devotion to the common cause, but everywhere also we have met with the same uneasiness and anxiety. At Turin, Parma, Modena, and Bologna, there is in the attitude of the populations, in the goings and comings of the party leaders, and in the language of political men, an ardor and an impatience with which it is impossible not to be struck. In the life of nations, as well as in that of individuals, nothing is more insupportable than uncertainty, and to put an end to it there are frequent examples of a decisive move being made, no matter at what risks. That is evidently what the Italians are about to do. The long existence of a provisional state of affairs, the weakness of the governments, the inaction of the troops, the intrigues of Austria, are so many dissolving elements that enervate the army and demoralize the people. The public mind is anxious; enthusiasm on the wane; passions are arising which have been long kept down. Old soldiers, accustomed to the yoke of discipline, grow impatient while daily expecting an enemy that never appears, and gradually lose their moral courage. The volunteers, who had taken up arms to fight, not to dawdle away their lives in a barrack-room, have become a regular difficulty for the government, and may one day become a formidable element of perturbation." In this state of the affairs of Italy, it becomes of the first importance that the Sardinian statesmen should know exactly what they may safely do without being abandoned by France and England. As Lord John Russell observed on Wednesday night, so soon as the congress was known to be postponed *sine die* "her majesty's government felt it to be a very serious thing that the Italians, who had hitherto been waiting in expectation that Italian affairs should be solved by the congress, should have no regular government and no apparent means of terminating the condition of uncertainty in which they were placed." We cannot doubt that this suspended animation of political *will* in Italy, at a time when the political *life* there is so unusually vivid, has been and is an unnatural and dangerous state, the longer protraction of

which might issue in new troubles. We think, therefore, that it is a wise step to use all the influence of the English government to liberate Italy from this undefined and painful suspense. And we think also, that the propositions originated by the English government were well adapted to this end.

1. It was proposed that both France and Austria should agree not to intervene again in the affairs of Italy without the consent of the five great powers. To this France at once assented, and Austria, while objecting that it is derogatory to her dignity to give any pledge on the subject, intimated that she has not the least intention at present of intervening in any Italian concerns beyond the Venetian frontier.

2. It was proposed that France should withdraw as soon as possible her armies from Rome and Lombardy: to which (under some *modified* form, we are told,) France has assented.

3. It was proposed to concede to Austria that there should be no European interference in the administration of the government of Venetia: in case

4. It should be agreed that the king of Piedmont might assume power in Central Italy whenever, and not sooner than, a new popular vote of the Central Italian States should re-assert the wish of the populations to include their countries within the Sardinian dominions. Then, and not till then, it would, according to this resolution, be competent to the king of Sardinia to send his troops into Central Italy. On this last proposition France has asked time to deliberate,—intending, as it is supposed, to make the cession of Savoy and Nice, one or both, a condition of her acquiescence in the aggrandizement of Sardinia.

Now, the most obvious of hostile criticisms on these proposals of England would be, that they are—like Lord Malmesbury's fidgety propositions last year—helpless propositions, carrying no weight and backed by no practical resolve. "The sympathies of England," says M. Peyrat, in the article on Italy to which we have before referred, "are not doubtful. But obliged to keep up a force of one hundred thousand men in India, she has no troops disposable for a war on the continent, and she will not send a single regiment into Italy. As regards the part she will take, it will be entirely limited to a diplomatic co-operation.

(*Tout se bornera de sa part à un concours diplomatique.*)" And this argument will be held by the Tory party to be so far valid as to prove, not perhaps that any new suggestion on the part of England must be ineffectual, but that it can only be effectual so far as it hampers us with risks or engagements which no gain of freedom for Italy could justify us in incurring.

In this view we cannot at all concur, and we will briefly state our reasons. First, England is not at all in the same position in which she stood last year. She is herself stronger,—and the case before her is far clearer. Italian constitutionalism and French aggrandizement seemed inextricably mingled last year in the same cause. Now they are assuming more and more clearly distinguished forms. Moreover, England has more hold upon France than she had last year,—has far more means of making her friendship important and her hostility annoying to France. The emperor of the French has broken with the pope,—he has roused the hornet's nest of Protectionists,—he has made all Germany jealous and vigilant,—he has no longer, it is supposed, as much influence with Russia as he had last year. He is comparatively isolated and thrown on the Liberal party in Europe. Let him offend that party also, and his position would become even dangerous. He cannot just now afford to ignore the strong convictions of England.

Next, it is not at all true that England, if her advice were slighted, and new complications in Italy arose, could do nothing material to assist the Constitutional party. She could, perhaps, spare no soldiers. But if Naples supported Austrian intervention in the north by an attack on the Romagna from the south England could probably crush Naples, and so gain an influence in Italian affairs which France would not willingly see.

In short, our strength is greater than last year; our position is clearer, our influence is larger; and should our present administration continue to guide our foreign affairs on the same firm and clear principles as heretofore, we have little doubt that we may modify the influence of France to the great advantage of Italy;—nay, probably soon succeed in that most difficult of feats, getting the French armies out of Italy which are now settled in it.

## HIDDEN COMFORTERS.

Those idle hands upon her lap lay not, they  
rather hung  
Like dead hands which from living grasp have  
carelessly been flung;  
You saw that life still dwelt within by the deep  
heaving breast,  
Save there, the woful form displayed no mo-  
tion—yet no rest.

The eyes were dry—their power was lost in tears  
to find relief;  
While the tongue's very muteness spoke the elo-  
quence of grief;  
But if the quivering lips had breathed the prayer  
of that sad heart,  
They would have asked for leave to mourn for-  
gotten and apart.

For there are times when soothing words seem  
mocking human woe,  
And half-resentful thoughts reply: "*How can  
these glad hearts know?*"  
And thus with her; she saw her own, but saw  
no other's cross,  
Nor guessed that she might find that gain which  
now she counts a loss.

Far less deemed she, when hunger came and  
harshly bade her rise,  
That 'neath his dreaded form there lay an angel  
in disguise;  
Or that stern want, who sharply cried: "*Up, to  
your toil again!*"  
By Heaven was sent to lift the load from her  
half-frenzied brain.

Yet these stern messengers have done what  
gentler ne'er had wrought,  
For the poor mourner's daily toil demands its  
meed of thought;  
Each simple task the hands complete, acts as a  
homely wile,  
First teaching the dim eyes to weep, and then  
the lips to smile.

O ye who think that labor owns no power to  
soothe and bless,  
Learn, that a tenfold venom lurks mid *grief in  
idleness*;  
Learn, that "Our Father" often sends mercy  
in sternest guise,  
And homely forms hide angel-guests from our  
earth-blinded eyes.

—Chambers's Journal.

RUTH BUCK.

## ONE TRACE LEFT.

They dragged it through the miry street,  
The trunk of a fallen tree;  
And on its bark the drizzling sleet  
Fell damp and chillingly.

Far from its native spot 'twas borne,  
Far from its leafy wood;  
And sister trees were left to mourn  
The gap where once it stood.

It brought a memory of the dale  
When summer days were nigh,  
And breezes wafted from the vale,  
The violet's perfumed sigh;—  
Of summer nights, that stealing down  
As softly as the dew,  
Left on the hills a misty crown,  
And darkened Heaven's blue.

But now, instead of woodland hush,  
Or woodland zephyrs sweet,  
It dragged through falling sleet and slush  
Along the miry street.

I thought, Is there no relic left,  
To tell its bygone pride?  
Have all its boughs been rudely reft?  
Has every leaflet died?

I looked, and saw that round the tree  
With tendrils fresh and green,  
The ivy lingered lovingly,  
To tell of what had been.

This remnant of its beauty yet  
Clung fond and constant there,  
To bid me not in haste forget  
The wreck had once been fair.

And thus I thought the human heart,  
Degraded though it be,  
Retaineth still some lovely part,  
Like this poor fallen tree.

Dragged through the world's rough, miry ways,  
Despised and scorned by all,  
Mementoes of its brighter days  
Will linger in its fall.

The beauty that its Maker gave,  
The feelings pure and high,  
Can only perish in the grave.  
And die when it shall die!

'Tis there, in some lone, hidden spot,  
Which we pass by in haste:  
Each heart hath *one* forget-me-not,  
Amid its dreary waste.

However rough and rude and dark.  
That human breast may be,  
Some beauty clingeth to its bark,  
Like ivy to the tree.

—All The Year Round.

## A WISH.

FAIR, tender flower sure art thou, Jessamine!  
Emblem most meet of wedded woman's heart,  
That through the livelong day thy fragrance  
storest

Precious, within its cells: and when at eve,  
Weary and faint, the toiler homeward hies,  
Cheerest with stealing sweets his languid sense:  
Softenest a spirit sullen grown with care  
To softer meditation!

Such be she  
Whose voice, if Heaven deign grant life's chief-  
est boon,  
Shall change my now too solitary hour!

—All The Year Round.